

ROSCOE MOSCOW

"WHO KILLED

IT HAD BEEN SOME
PARTY, BUT NOW
ROCK 'N' ROLL WUZ
DEAD.. BUTCHERED
BY ONE O' HIS GUESTS!

SOMEBODY HAD TO
FIND THE KILLER..
BEFORE THE KILLER
FOUND THEM! IT WUZ
DO OR DIE, BUDDY!!

ROCK 'N' ROLL?

©'79 BY CURT VILE

**A MAN! A GUN
CRUEL AND
UNUSUAL....**

PART-ONE

"THE CORPSE WORE LEATHER!!"

ACME SHIRT
TELEPHONES
"EXERCISE"
WALK-U-DIAL

...I QUIPPED. IT WAS THE MORGUE! SEEMS THEY HAD A NEW RESIDENT...

IT HIT ME LIKE TEQUILA BEFORE BREAKFAST!" NO!" I MOANED. "IT CAN'T BE!"

...ABOUT ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE'D SHARED, ALL THE BADTIMES... BUT ONE THING PUZZLED ME...

...NAMELY, WHY WAS I STILL HOLD-ING THE PHONE?

HERE HE IS, MR. MOS-
COW... SHOT, STABBED,
BURNED, DROWNED,
HUNG, POISONED
AND CRUSHED....

I NODDED. IT ALL TIED IN... BUT SOMETHING—
CALL IT A HUNCH, CALL IT A PREMONITION—
TOLD ME IT WASN'T AS EASY AS THAT...

**..AN
OBVIOUS
SUICIDE!**

I PUT ON MY HAT... I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN I NOTICED SOMETHING... A WRISTWATCH, CLUTCHED IN ROCKY'S DECEASED DIGITS!!

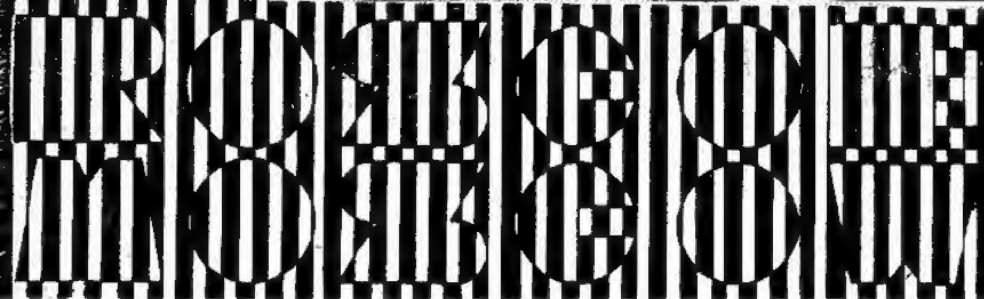


ON AN IMPULSE, I SLIPPED IT INTO MY POCKET...

..IT WASN'T MUCH..
MAYBE NOTHING..
I FROWNED AND
WALKED OFF...
INTO THE NIGHT..

**..MR. MOSCOW!
YOU FORGOT
YOUR PHONE!!**

TO BE CONTINUED...



"IS THIS A RED
HERRING, OR AM
I NUTS, OR WHAT?"
- I MUSED!!

MEN'S SWEAT
ADVENTURES!

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?

2: THE FRENCH CORRECTION!!

ROCK N' ROLL WAS DEAD,
A MYSTERIOUS WRIST-
WATCH CLUTCHED IN
HIS MORTIFIED MITT!!
BUT THIS WAS NO FIVE
AND DIME ORDINARY WRISTWATCH!!
IT LOOKED... I DUNNO... "FUNNY"....

CRIMESTOPPERS' TEXTBOOK.



ORDINARY, SERIOUS
WRISTWATCH.

"FUNNY"
WRISTWATCH.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR I AIN'T,
BUT I SURE KNEW FRENCH WHEN
I SAW IT!! HMM..SO I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR A HOMICIDAL FRENCH-
MAN!! ONLY ONE PERSON FITTED
THAT DESCRIPTION....

MY HAT! HE'S
GOT MY HAT!!

THE NAME ON
THE BELL WAS
JEAN-JAQUES
ROBESPIERRE..

..CUTE NAME!! I RANG.
IT PLAYED "LA VIE EN
ROSE." NO-ONE ANSWERED..

...I STEPPED INSIDE!

...I WAS
READY FOR
ANYTHING...

...MORE OR LESS...

EH BIEN! A JOURNALISTE, NON?
AH SPIT ON LES JOURNALISTES!!
PFUI!! OR PAIRHAPS THE MONSIEUR
IS A FEMINISTE, IS HE NOT??

..LAY OFF, CREEP,
OR I VENTILATE
YA LEOTARD!!-I
SNARLED QUIETLY.

...AH GO NUMBAIR TWO IN THE
BIDET OF FEMINISM!! 'OW ARE
YOU SAYING, MAH FAHN, FEATH-
ERED FREHN'? HAI!!

..I DECIDED TO
SAWK! STRING HIM
LOOK! ALONG FOR
A WHURP! WHILE...

GET UP!! GET UP,
YOU COWARD!!

..THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE NOT!!
"TAKE A YIK!
LOOK AT
URK! THIS
WRISTWATCH!!"
-I GROANED!

A WRISTWATCH? A GERMAN
WRISTWATCH? SO!! A WRISTWATCH
SALESMAN!!! AH DESPAHSE LES
WRISTWATCH SALESMEN!!!

HAI!!

..GERMAN?

PAINSTARTERS EGG.
THE CHINESE BURN:
ONE OF TODAY'S MOST
COST-EFFECTIVE METH-
ODS OF CAUSING BLIND
CRIPPLING AGONY.

...HOWEVAIR, WHILE YOU ARE
HERE, AH WILL PLAY YOU MAH
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECOHNDING...

..MERCIFULLY, I
LOST CONCI-
OUSNESS...

TO BE CONTINUED.. © VICE '79.

ROSCOE MOSCOW



SLEEP!! IT'S THE BIG SLEEP!! NOT THE BIG SHEEP!! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, ROCHESTER?? SURE AS SHIT, BOSS!

A MIND ON THE SKIDS!

"WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?" 3: "THE BIG SHEEP!!"

ROCK N' ROLL WAS DEAD, AND I WAS -N'T FEELING SO GOOD MYSELF!! I'D BEEN KAYOED BY A CRAZED CONTINENTAL, AND FELT MYSELF SLIDING OFF THE EDGE OF THE BOARDGAME. MY IDEA OF A VACATION IT WASN'T....



PROFESSOR PLUM, IN THE NURSERY WITH A FLAME-THROWER!!

REV. GREEN, IN THE VIVARIUM WITH A CHAIN-SAW!!

..I WAS TRAVELLING FIRST CLASS ON THE CONCUSSION EXPRESS.. "MOTHER OF GOD!!" I MOANED, "IS THIS THE END OF ROSCOE??"

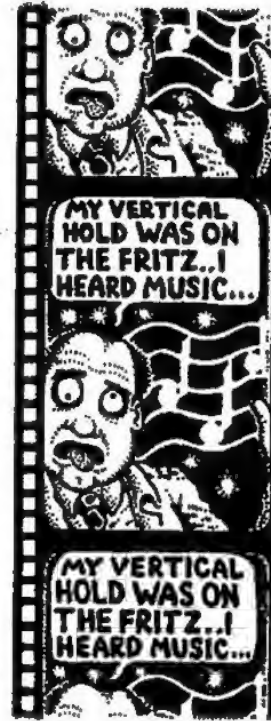


..MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES. I WANTED TO THROW UP. I THOUGHT ABOUT MY MOTHER...



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND, ROSCOE MOSCOW??

..I STILL WANTED TO THROW UP..



MY VERTICAL HOLD WAS ON THE FRITZ.. I HEARD MUSIC...

MY VERTICAL HOLD WAS ON THE FRITZ.. I HEARD MUSIC...

...THERE WAS A PARTY GOING ON, AND ALL MY BOYHOOD HEROES WERE THERE!! CISCO KID! ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS!! BERT CERT! SABU THE JUNGLE BOY!! ISSY BONN! A-AND BOGEY!!... I CHOKED. MUST HAVE GOT SOMETHIN' IN MY EYE.



OH!! OH!! VOT A SNUISANCE!

I FIGURED EVERYTHING WAS JUST JAKE, BUT SUDDENLY BOGART STARTS HITTING ME WITH A DEAD FISH, AND IT ALL GOT A LITTLE VAGUE!! WAS IT A JOKE?? OR WAS I DRIFTING BACK TO...



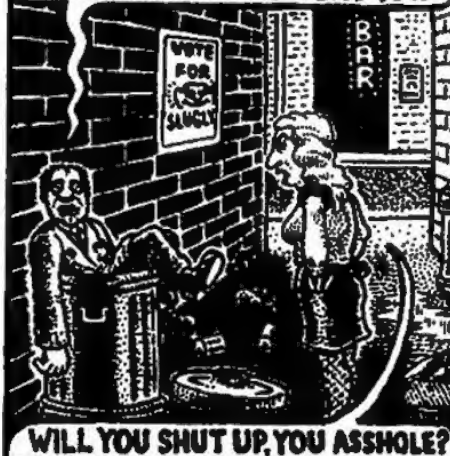
C'MON ROSCOE! SNAP OUT OF IT!! ROSCOE!! C'MON!! WAKE UP!! ROSCOE??

..CONCIOUSNESS!! A PLATOON OF MARINES WERE EXECUTING COMBAT MANOEUVRES IN MY SKULL!! MAXINE, MY LUSCIOUS SECRETARY, WAS COOING MATERNALLY INTO MY SHELL-LIKES!!



ROSCOE! WAKE UP, YOU FAT SHMUCK!! HAVE YOU BEEN BEATEN UP AGAIN?? WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF???

"OH ROSCOE!" SHE BREATHED, "ARE YOU HURT? IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, I... I SHOULD JUST DIE!" "I'M FINE, DOLL." I GRUNTED. "DON'T SWEAT IT!!"



WILL YOU SHUT UP, YOU ASSHOLE? LOOK, WHY DONCHA ASK 'EM FER YA OLD JOB BACK, DOWN AT THE CANNING FACTORY?? ROSCOE??

..SUDDENLY I REMEMBERED ROCKY'S MURDER AND THE MYSTERIOUS GERMAN WRISTWATCH. MY ONLY CLUE!! I DECIDED TO VISIT BERLIN....



BERLIN?? ROSCOE, YER GONNA END UP BACK IN THE BUGHOUSE!! OH JEEZ...

"DAMES!!" I GROWLED, "YA CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, AND YA CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM!!" TURNING, I STALKED OFF INTO A NIGHT AS BLACK AS RAPIDOGRAPH INK....



..TO BE CONTINUED... CURT VILE 1979

4: THE PARANOID ABROAD!!



...ERR..UNLESS IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE'S.. OR MAYBE IT WAS ROCKY'S OWN WRISTWATCH..OR A DELIBERATE RED HERRING..OR POSSIBLY AN ELABORATE PUBLICITY STUNT BY TIMEX...



**..AH..OR PERHAPS A NIGERIAN
NAZI MEMORABILIA FETISHIST...OR
A SWEDE ..AN ESKIMO EVEN...**



**..OR CONCEIVABLY SHEPHERD'S
BUSH..OR UGANDA...OR ICE-
LAND..OR DISNEYLAND...OR PARS...OR ETC...**



...HELLO? SUNNYVUE HOME FOR THE MENTALLY DISTURBED? THIS IS MRS. MAXINE MOSCOW...I'D LIKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE DR.VON ZYGOTE.. YES...IT'S ABOUT MY HUSBAND...

..CONTINUED..

CURT VILE (THE FUN HUNTER)

ROSCOE MOSCOW'S

ALLURING AND
VIVACIOUS
YOUNG WIFE
THE ADORABLE

Maxine



...CHEE, THIS IS MY
FIRST COMIC STRIP
Y'KNOW...PLEASE
BE GENTLE...

SHE STANDS
BY HER MAN!

WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?

5: ENTER THE FOETAL FREUDIAN!

...BERLIN WAS SLIGHTLY MORE
FUN THAN BEING EATEN ALIVE BY
TIGER ANTS. I HIT TOWN, THE
BOTTLE AND THE PITS, ROUGHLY
IN THAT ORDER. WHAT I DIDN'T
KNOW WUZ THAT BACK HOME,
MAXINE, MY SCATTERBRAINED
SEXPOT SECRETARY WAS CHEWIN'
THE FAT WITH DR. ZOLTAN VON
ZYGOTE, THE WORLD FAMOUS
DEFORMED PSYCHOLOGIST...



...AND THE FAT IN QUESTION WAS, ME!!

...SO, LIKE, NOW ROSCOE THINKS THAT
HE'S A PRIVATE EYE, AN' HE THINKS THAT,
LIKE, I'M HIS SECRETARY, AND HE'S TAKEN
ALL THE MONEY OUT OF OUR JOINT BANK
ACCOUNT AND HE'S JUST SORT OF, ER,
GONE TO BERLIN, Y'KNOW, AND... AND...
OH, DR. VON ZYGOTE... WADDAMI GONNA
DO?? HE'S SUCH A MESSED-UP JERK....



...COME COME, MRS. MOSCOW!! WHILE
YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY WHAT
WE DOCTORS TERM A 'QUIVERING
SICKO', IT MAY NOT BE A CAUSE FOR
REAL CONCERN...WHAT IS FAR MORE
WORRYING IS THE POSSIBILITY OF
MR. MOSCOW'S OLD DRINK PROBLEM
REAPPEARING...



...YOU SAY HE'S
BEEN OFF THE
JUICE SINCE WE
DRIED HIM OUT
LAST TIME??

DR. ZOLTAN VON
ZYGOTE

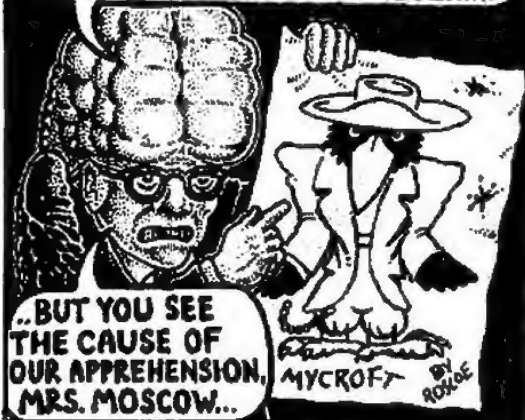
...I...I THINK SO DOCTOR...BUT, LIKE,
EVERY TIME I ASK HIM ABOUT HIS
DRINK PROBLEM HE JUST SAYS "I
DRINK, I FALL OVER. NO PROBLEM!!"
...Y'KNOW, DOC, SOMETIMES HE CAN
BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS...



...QUITE SO. BUT
FROM STUDYING
YOUR HUSBAND'S
FILE, I'VE FOUND
EVIDENCE OF
SERIOUS ALCO-
HOL INDUCED
DELUSIONS...



...FOR INSTANCE, MR. MOSCOW
EXECUTED THIS DRAWING DURING HIS
LAST STAY AT "SUNNYVUE"...IT SHOWS
"MYCROFT", A SIX-FOOT TALL CROW
WEARING A ZOOT SUIT. "MYCROFT"
WOULD APPEAR WHENEVER YOUR
HUSBAND DRANK TOO MUCH...WHEN
THE DRINKING STOPPED, "MYCROFT"
VANISHED...HOPEFULLY FOREVER....



...BUT YOU SEE
THE CAUSE OF
OUR APPREHENSION,
MRS. MOSCOW...

MYCROFT

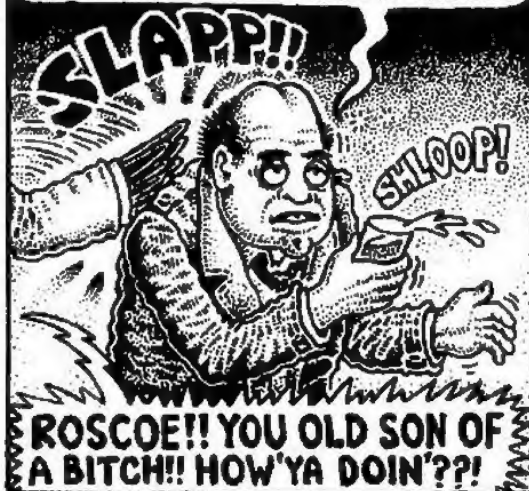
ROSCOE

...SHOULD YOUR
HUSBAND HAVE EVEN
ONE DRINK, IT COULD
TRIGGER OFF A
PSYCHOTIC EPISODE
WITH HIDEOUSLY
TRAUMATIC
REPERCUSSIONS!!!



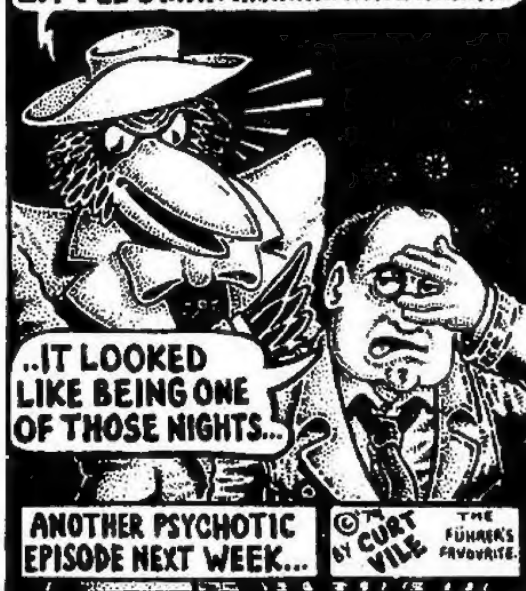
YEEPEES...

...MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BER-
LIN BIERKELLER I'D JUST KILLED
MY EIGHTH SCHTRAIGHT SCHNAPPS
AND MORTALLY WOUNDED MY
NINTH, WHEN SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR
VOICE BUZZSAWED INTO MY SKULL...



ROSCOE!! YOU OLD SON OF
A BITCH!! HOW'YA DOIN'??!

LONG TIME NO SEE, EH, BUDDY??
KARK! KARK!...SAY, LE'S GET US A
LITTLE DRINKY..KARK! KAAAARRK!!



...IT LOOKED
LIKE BEING ONE
OF THOSE NIGHTS...

ANOTHER PSYCHOTIC
EPISODE NEXT WEEK...

© BY CURT VILE
THE FUMARK'S FAVORITE

R₁ O₁ S₁ C₃ O₁ E₁
M₃ O₁ C₃ O₁ W₄



"FRANKLY, I'D RATHER HAVE A FRONTAL LOBOTOMY!"

THE SLEUTH WITH COUTH!

"WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?"

6: LUSHED FOR LIFE!!

..IT WAS NIGHT. JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT... HOT ON THE SCENT OF ROCK N' ROLL'S KILLER, I WAS PURSUING MY INVESTIGATIONS IN THE BIERKELLERS OF BERLIN. MY ONLY COMPANION WAS A SIX-FOOT CROW WEARING A ZOOT SUIT CALLED MYCROFT....



..WHICH IS A DAMN STRANGE NAME FOR A ZOOT SUIT IN ANYBODY'S BOOK...

A JOKE.

..SAY, ROSCOE.. DIS SURE TAKES YA BACK, HUH? D'YA REMEMBER DAT TIME YA DISPLAYED YEZ BARE HAMS TA THAT WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETIN' BACK IN '58?? KARK! KARK! KARRRRK!



..DAMN NEAR LEAKED IN MUH BREEKS!

HAW HAW!! YER FUGGIN' 'A' I DO!! HAW HAW HAW!! DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I PROPOSED TO VELMA SCHWARZ, AN' YOU MADE ME LAUGH SO HARD THAT I THREW UP OVER HER MOTHER'S CHOW BITCH?? HAW HAW HAW HAW!!!



TOTALLY EMPTY

KARK! KARK! KARRRRK!! VELMA SCHWARZ! KARK! KARK! JEEZUS! SHE MUSTA BEEN THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN THE WHOLE GODDAMM WORLD!! KARK! KARK!!



..EXCEPTIN' YOUR MAMA, O'COURSE...

"NOBODY BADMOUTH MY MAMA, YOU COOTY-ASS SON OF A BITCH!"



ABSOLUTELY VACANT

..SAY, ROSCOE, WAIT A MINUTE!! I WUZ ONLY—



CRASH!

..MY MOTHER WUZ A GOOD WOMAN!!

..MY MOTHER MADE ME EVERYTHING THAT I AM TODAY, GODDAMMIT!



..EVERYTHING..



AAAAA

SMASH!

WELLAH WELLAH!! LOOKY HERE!! NOW, JUST WHO IS THIS CHARACTER? I MEAN, JUST WHAT IS THIS GUY ALL ABOUT??



ENTER A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

..THAT I AM TODAY..

..LISTEN FELLA, I'M WIGGY PULP, THE LIVING LEGEND, AND I LIKE YOU! YOU'RE REAL! YOU'RE DESPERATE! C'MON...WE GONNA HAVE US A FUN TIME!!



..SURE, PAL... SAME THING MUHSELF... I SLURRED...

CONTINUED...

FUN WITHOUT VIOLENCE!!

ROZALIE MOSCOW



I'M IN WITH THE IN-CROWD DADDIO!! LET'S 'DIG' SOME 'BIRD'!

HE'S THE SWEETHEART OF THE AVANT GARDE!!

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

7: TERROR OF THE TACTLESS 'TEC!!

IT HAD STARTED OUT AS THE KIND OF BAR-ROOM BRAWL WITH A GIGANTIC ZOOT-SUITED IMAGINARY CROW THAT ANYBODY COULDA GOT INVOLVED IN... BUT THEN WIGGY PULP, THE CELEBRATED 'FAST CHARACTER' ARRIVED, AND THINGS GOT PLAIN RIDICULOUS...



HOTEL BAR

AROOGA! AROOGA!

TIBBLE TIBBLE TIBBLE...

"HEY, WIGGY!" I WHINED, "WHERE ARE WE GOING??..AND WHUTHUH FUH HAPPENED TO MY CROW??"



YOUR CROW?? HA HA HA HA!! JESUS ROSCOE, YOU SLAY ME! HA HA HA! A GODDAM CROW!! HA HA HA HA!! THE BOSS IS GONNA LOVE YOU!!!

Y'SEE, ROSCOE, ME AND YOU IS TWO OF A KIND... WE BOTH UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY IN THE DEPTHS OF PAIN, MADNESS AND SELF DEGRADATION IS TRUE LIBERATION POSSIBLE...



WE DO?

..SURE WE DO!! THAT'S WHY WE SOMETIMES GOTTA SHOW THE WORLD THE SICKNESS IN IT'S SOUL BY STICKIN' OURSELF IN THE EYE WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE...



...JEEZUS...

..IF GENIUS IS PAIN, THEN THIS GEEK MADE EINSTEIN LOOK LIKE A PIKER! BY THE TIME WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION, TWO HOURS LATER, HE WAS MISSING THREE TOES, ONE EAR-LOBE AND HIS APPENDIX... BUT MAYBE NOW I'D DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'BOSS' THAT WIGGY HAD REFERRED TO...



..NOW I'M SETTING FIRE TO MY NOSTRIL HAIR.. EEEYURRRGH!!

IT WAS A HIGH SOCIETY JOINT... THE HIGHEST!! CALLING THIS PLACE 'MODERN' WUZ LIKE CALLIN' JACK THE RIPPER AN ECCENTRIC... AND FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS WE WUZ ARRIVIN' IN MIDDLE OF A...



..NOW I'M STUBBING OUT A CIGARETTE ON MY EARDRUM... AAARRRRRGHHH!!!

...PARTY! EVERYBODY WHO WUZ ANYBODY WUZ THERE... THEN SUDDENLY WIGGY STOPPED TRYING TO BITE HIS OWN NOSE OFF AND YELLED:



HEY! IT'S THE BOSS! HI, BOSS!! ..NOW REMEMBER ROSCOE, YA GOTTA TALK NICE, AND DON'T FORGET TO CURTSEY...



WIGGY, YOU DEAR SWEET, MIXED UP CHILD! IT'S BEEN AGES! AND... OH MY!! YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME ANOTHER OF YOUR QUAINT FRIENDS!



..WE TRADED HANDLES... IT SEEMED LIKE 'THE BOSS' WUZ NONE OTHER THAN DAVID BOKO, THE SINGING BISEXUAL. (THIS IS HEP LINGO FOR A FAGGOT THAT CAN SPEAK TWO LANGUAGES...)



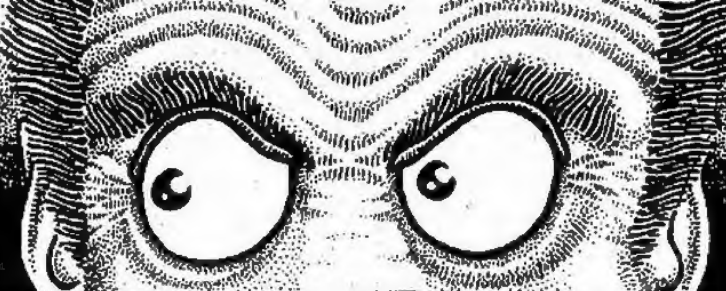
..SO CHARMING, MR. MOSCOW TO MEET SUCH AN EARTHY, COLOURFUL CHARACTER! I'M SURE WE'LL GET ON FAMOUSLY...

..I HAD TO CHOOSE MY WORDS CAREFULLY, TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION! "WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE, BUDDY," I SNARLED, "AS LONG AS YA CAN KEEP YA HANDS OFFA MY OL' BEEF BAZOOKA!!"



MORE SICK HUMOUR THAT SERVES NO PURPOSE NEXT WEEK! STOP AT CURT VILE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!

ROSCOE MOSCOW



**"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"**
PART EIGHT: SEND IN THE
CLONES!!

..THE HUNT FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL'S
KILLER HAD LED ME TO BERLIN
AND THE MANSION OF DAVID
BOKO. DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE
PARTY, THEY WUZ STILL
KICKING THE GONG AROUND.
UPSTAIRS, I SEARCHED FURTIVELY
FOR CLUES... COULD IT ALL BE A
HOMMA-SECKSHUL CONSPIRACY??



..I AIN'T SAYIN' THIS PLACE WUZ
CREEPY, BUT IT MADE THE 'INNER
SANCTUM' LOOK LIKE THE GLEE
CLUB... INVESTIGATIN' AN UNLOCKED
DOOR I FOUND MYSELF IN SOME KINDA
LIBRARY. NOW ME, I ALLUS SEZ YA
CAN TELL A FAGOLA BY THE BOOKS
HE READS... THERE WUZNT ONE HAROLD
ROBBINS IN THA WHOLE BUNCH....



..SUDDENLY, A HAND LIKE
A DEAD SQUID LANDED
ON MY SHOULDER!! I
REACTED WITH HAIR-
TRIGGER SWIFTNESS...

EEEEEEK!
...I SQUEALED...



'NOTHIN' YOU CAN PRO-
VIDE, BUDDY BOY!!' I
SNARLED, PUSHING PAST
HIM INTO THE CORIDOR...



..FUNNY THOUGH, HE
LOOKED KINDA DIFFERENT
FROM THE WAY HE HAD
DOWNSTAIRS... MUSTA
BIN A TRICK O' THE LIGHT.

MY STEEL TRAP MIND
WAS WEIGHING THA
FACKS WHEN SUDDENLY
I ROUNDED A CORNER AND

YURP!
...I YURPED...



"UP YOURS, WEIRDOH!!" I QUIPPED
URBANELY, AS MY FEET DID
THEY STUFF!! THIS FREAKO-
PERVO-SICKO GOT AROUND
FASTER THAN CLAP AT A BIKER
RALLY, AN' IT WUZ GETTIN' ME
RATTLED!! BUT I WUZ HEP TO
LOVER BOY'S LITTLE GAME... THE
IDEA WUZ TO DIS-ORIENTALATE
ME TILL I DROPPED MY GUARD, AND
THEN WHAMMO!!-HE SLIPS ME
THE OL' STEAK SUPPOSITORY....



..BUT ROSCOE MOSCOW
IS NOBODY'S PATSY, AN' IF
THIS SQUIFFY-EYED FRUIT
-CAKE THOUGHT HE COULD...
GAAHHHH!!!

JUST WHAT IN HELL
WUZ GOIN' ON? HOW
WUZ THIS JOKER MOVIN'
SO FAST? I DUCKED INTO
AN UNLIT ROOM AND
LOCKED THE DOOR.. "AT
LAST!" I BREATHED, "ALONE!"



**WRONG AGAIN,
ROSCOE MOSCOW!!**



..IT WAS A BAD SITUATION
-THE WORST!! THERE WUZ
ONLY ONE THING TO DO..
SUMMONIN' EVERY LAST
RESERVE O' COURAGE
AN' DETERMINATION AT
MY COMMAND, I FAINTED!



A ROSCOE MOSCOW Thriller.

MAY

Weird Tales

25¢



..ASK ME, KINDA GUY WRITES DIS SORTA JUNK, HE GOTTA BE "ON THE STUFF," KNOW WHADDI MEAN?

"WHO KILLED ROSEBUD?"

PART NINE: "BUT HE THINKS SHE'D BLOW OUR MINDS!"

..I REMEMBERED A BRAIN-BLISTERING GLIMPSE OF NINE DOZEN XEROXED DAVID BOKOS (AND BELIEVE ME, ONE WUZ TOO MANY!) BEFORE THE LIGHT WENT OUT!! NOW I WUZ BEING REVIVED BY WIGGY PULP, BOY AUTO DESTRUCT ARTIST, AN' SUM HI-BROW BIZARRO I NEVER SEEN BEFORE!! I'D HEARD OF ABSURDITY...



...BUT DIS WUZ RIDICULOUS...

WELCOME BACK, ROSCOE.... AHH...I GUESS DA SIGHT O' THA BOSS IN HIS MULTIPLICITY JUST ABOUT DAMPED YA DIODES, HUH? OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS "BRAIN ONE." HE'S DA CHIEF'S "AHH..." TECHNICAL ADVISOR...



IT'S VERY... ERRR... INTERESTING TO ENCOUNTER YOU, MR. MOSCOW....

"CUT THE POOPADOODLE, YA CREEPOS!!" ..I GROWLED... I WANT ANSWERS... AN' FAST!! WHAT'S WITH THE LEGION O' LIMP-WRISTED LOOKALIKES, HUH?? WHICH IS THA REAL DAVID BOKO??



©79 BY CURT "BITE MY CRANK" VILE.

..NO..YA SEE, THE REAL DAVID BOKO AIN'T GOT THE NECESSARY... UHH... "TEEN APPEAL" FOR A BIG CHART KILLING, SO HE HIRES ALL DESE DOPPLEGANGERS, ONE TA CUT DA NEW ALBUM, ONE TA MAKE THA FILM, ONE DOIN' THE TOUR 'AN' SO ON... BUT LISSEN'... THE REAL BOSS IS JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR... WHY NOT ASK HIM YASELF? OH, AN' THERES NO SWEAT. HE AIN'T REALLY BISEXUAL...

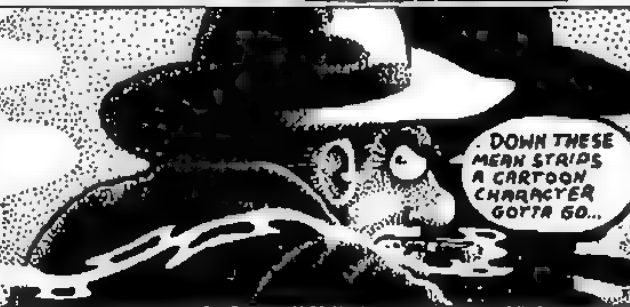


..ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS WE SHOULD WARN YOU THAT MR. BOKO, COMING AS HE DOES FROM A SOMEWHAT... ..ERR.. EXOTIC ETHNIC BACKGROUND MAY SOMETIMES ELICIT A RESPONSE OF PROFOUND DISORIENTATION FROM THE INTERVIEWEE....



**BIZARRE
SCIENCE FICTION
TRUE DETECTIVE
HIDEOUS MURDER
COMICS WEEKLY
PRESENTS**

ROSCOE MOSCOW



DOWN THESE
MEAN STRIPS
A CARTOON
CHARACTER
GOTTA GO...

**WHO
KILLED
ROCK-ROLL?**

**EPISODE
TEN:**

©79 BY
CURT VILE
THE WORLD'S BEST
FORGOTTEN BOY.

**"I WAS ON FIRST
NAME TERMS
WITH A MONSTER
OUTER SPACE"**

..I FIGGERED I'D HAD IT ROUGH...
WHEN I STARTED MY MAN-HUNT
FER ROCKY'S KILLER I'D OPENED
A CAN O' WORMS!! BUT DAVID
BOKO HAD IT WORSE...



..YA SEE, HE ACTUALLY WUZ
A CAN OF WORMS!!!

DON'T SAY A WORD, MR. MOSCOW.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
"WHAT'S A NICE EXTRATERRESTRIAL
SLIME-MONSTER LIKE ME,
DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"



..WELL, IT'S A LONG SAD STORY.
ONE THAT BEGINS MANY YEARS
AGO, LIGHT-YEARS FROM HERE.

..IT WAS BACK ON MY HOME
WORLD IN THE TAU CETI SYSTEM.
I USED TO BE A BIG STAR,
WORSHIPPED BY BILLIONS..."

..AND THIS NEXT NUMBER'S
CALLED "WHY MUST I BE A
BIVALVE IN HEAT?"



CHEER!

YAY!
HUBBA-HUBBA!
HUZZAH!

..ALL MY RECORDS WENT
"PLUTONIUM" INSTANTLY...
MY SONGS WERE ON EVERYONE'S
NOISE FLAPS...THE CRITICS
ADORED ME..."



..HEY..IT SAYS HERE THAT
"DAVID BOKO'S LATEST WAXING
IS RAMALAMA-ALGOLESQUE
ZORCH-ROCK AT IT'S ZENITH!!"

..BUT INEVITABLY THE BUBBLE
HAD TO BURST, AND ONE DAY..."



HOLY SQUA TRONT!!
EIGHT ZILLION GALACTIC
GOOGAWS IN DEBIT??? I
BETTER SPLIT THIS BURG
PRONTO OR MY ASS IS GRASS!!

..AND SO, LIKE SO MANY
TAU CETIAN TAX EXILES
BEFORE ME, I HIT THE TRAIL
OF TEARS LEADING TO EARTH...



..WHAT WE TAU-CETIANS
TERM A REAL LOW-RENT
NEIGHBOURHOOD....

..THE REST YOU KNOW..ONCE
HERE I HIRED WIGGY PULP AND
"BRAIN ONE" TO LOOK AFTER
ME, AND THE HORDE OF
IDENTICAL "DAVID BOKOS"
TO PERFORM MY SONGS...



..BUT ENOUGH OF MY
PROBLEMS, MR. MOSCOW...
HOW CAN I BE OF SOME
ASSISTANCE TO YOU??

"LISTEN, BUSTER," I SNARLED
"DON'T THINK I'M FOOLED BY
THE HALOWEEN COSTUME FER
A MINNIT!! ALL I WANT IS SOME
INFORMATION..LIKE MAYBE
WHO OWNS THIS MYSTERIOUS
GERMAN WRISTWATCH!!"



MYSTERIOUS
GERMAN
PLOT DEVICE.

HMM..THE CHRONOMETER
DOES SEEM FAMILIAR...
PERHAPS IF YOU COULD
WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM
WITH MY TWO HENCHMEN I
MAY RECALL SOMETHING...



YEAH? WELL LISTEN HERE,
"SPAGHETTI-FER-A-FACE," YOU
BETTER NOT MAKE ANY BULL
MOVES, CUZ I'M GONNA BE
WATCHIN' THE DOOR LIKE A HAWK!!

..HOWEVER, IN A SECRET HIDEOUT
MANY MILES DISTANT...

..SO! THAT INTERSTELLAR STOOL
PIGEON IS ABOUT TO SPILL THE BEANS
TO THE ODDBALL DETECTIVE, EH?
WE BETTER ORDER AN IMMEDIATE
MISSILE STRIKE ON BERLIN...




..AFTER ALL, BETTER
SAFE THAN SORRY,
I ALWAYS SAY...

MORE BOFFO
KNOCK-ABOUT
SLAP-STICK
NEXT WEEK!

WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?

STARRING:

ROSCOE MOSCOW



COULD HE BE AS STUPID AS HE LOOKED?

WITH: **AS 'THE DETECTIVE'**


CURT VILE



WAS MONEY THE MOTIVE?

AND INTRODUCING: **AS 'THE ARTIST'**

RODNEY RECTANGLE



HE PLAYED IT STRAIGHT BUT HE WAS LIABLE TO BE RUBBED OUT AT ANY MINUTE!

AS 'THE PANEL BORDER'

ELEVEN: HOLIDAY IN BERLIN. (FULL BLOWN)

DAVID BOKO, "THE SEAFOOD SALAD THAT WALKED LIKE A MAN" HAD PROMISED ME A HOT TIP-OFF. I WUZ BIDIN' MY TIME IN THE COMPANY OF THE ENIGMATIC "BRAIN ONE" AN' LOVABLE NUTS-BOY, WIGGY PULP...



NOW I'M STICKING MY ARM INTO THE SAUSAGE-MACHINE....

YEAARGH!

"WHAT I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF, HOWEVER, WUZ THAT COUNTLESS MILES AWAY A CHARACTER KNOWN ONLY AS "THE SINISTER GLOVES" HAD JUST PRESSED THE BUTTON THAT SPELLED SIZZLING NUCLEAR DEATH FOR THE WHOLE BERLIN!"



GLEEP?

...AHH, AMBROSE, MY STEADFAST ARMADILLOID AMIGO ONLY YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND ME... SIGH...

MEANWHILE, IT WUZ LATE, TOO LATE. I FELT OLD AND USED. "SAY, YA FREAKOS!!" I BARKED "I COULD USE ME SOME SHUTEYE! SOMEBODY SHOW ME THE SACK!!"



...ELSEWHERE IN THE MANSION THE WHOLE SICK CREW WUZ STILL PARTYIN' IT UP, SO "BRAIN ONE" TAKES ME DOWN TO THE "SUB-BASEMENT SUITE." QUIET? IT WUZ LIKE A LULL IN CONVERSATION BETWEEN HARPO MARX AN' MARCEL MARCEAU!! "SO DIS IS THA' PLACE, HUH?" I QUERIED.



...QUITE SO, MR. MOSCOW. THE MOST RESTFUL APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING. I BELIEVE THE WALLS ARE TWO FOOT THICK AT LEAST...

"OKAY, SHITEHEEL," I SNAPPED AS THE DOOR SWUNG SHUT BEHIND HIM. "I DIDN'T ASK FER YA LIFE-STORY!"



ALONE AT LAST! MAYBE WHEN I AWOKE "DAVID BOKO" WOULD'VE COME THROUGH WITH THE INFO THAT I NEEDED... ZZZZZ

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS AT THE PARTY

WHAT'S HAPPENING? THESE JADED "HIGH ROLLERS" SEEM GALVANISED BY SOME NEW "JOIE DE VIVRE"!!!



1

YOU DIDN'T HEAR? SOME HEP-CAT'S DROPPIN' A BUNCH A NUKES ON BERLIN IN FIVE MINUTES!! KEEN, HUH? I'M JUST TAKIN' MY APPARATUS UP TO THE ROOF TO CELEBRATE...

...UHH... APPARATUS?? CELEBRATE??



...SURE!! ONE O' THE MISSILES IS GONNA LAND ON THE ROOF. SO I GOT MY ACID BATH AND MY PIRHANAS, AND THIS 1000 VOLT CABLE...

WHAAA?

...AN' THEN I SET UP THA' ACID BATH ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE MISSILE IS GONNA HIT, PUT IN THE PIRHANAS (HEH HEH) AND THEN THE (SNICKER) CABLE, AN' THEN I (TEE HEE) CLIMB IN.

GOODRAAGH!



SPUT

BUBBLE SEETH

CHOMP & CRASH

AND THUS I CONSUMMATE MY "LIFE PLAYED FOR KEEPS WITH A FEW JEWELLED, EXQUISITE MOMENTS OF MIND-BOGGLING UNENDURABLE TORMENT!!! IT'S THA' ULTIMATE KICK! IT'S THE OUTER LIMITS!! I'M TELLIN' YA, DAD...



INCOMING MISSILE.

...IT'S "ENDSVILLE!!"



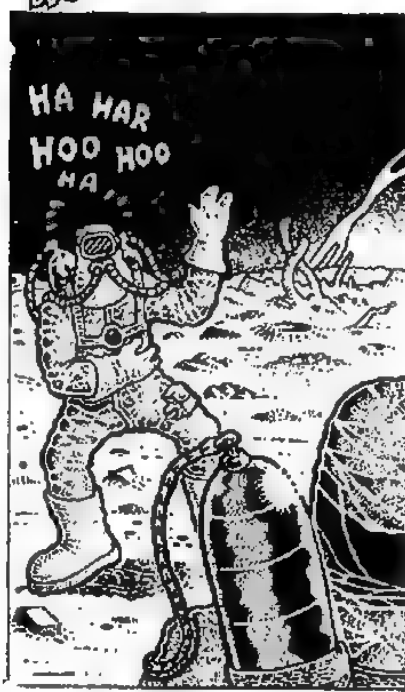
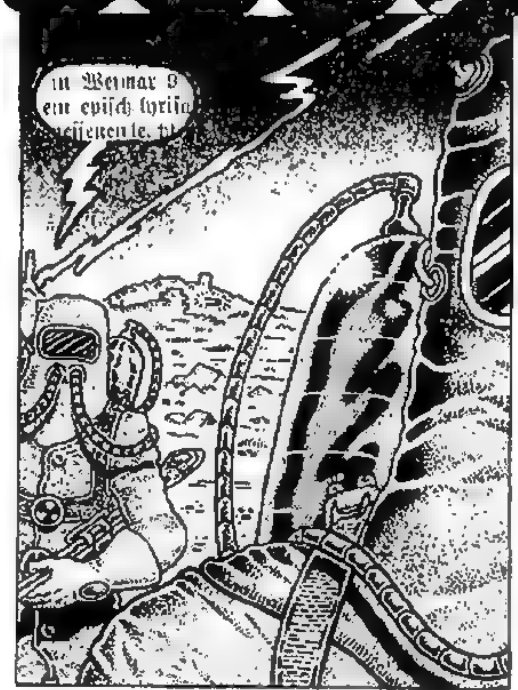
TO BE CONTINUED?

"Who killed" rock'n'roll? part twelve

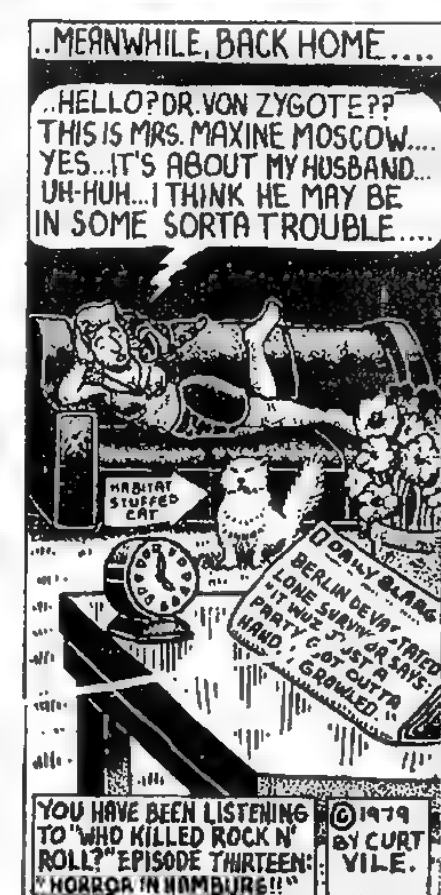
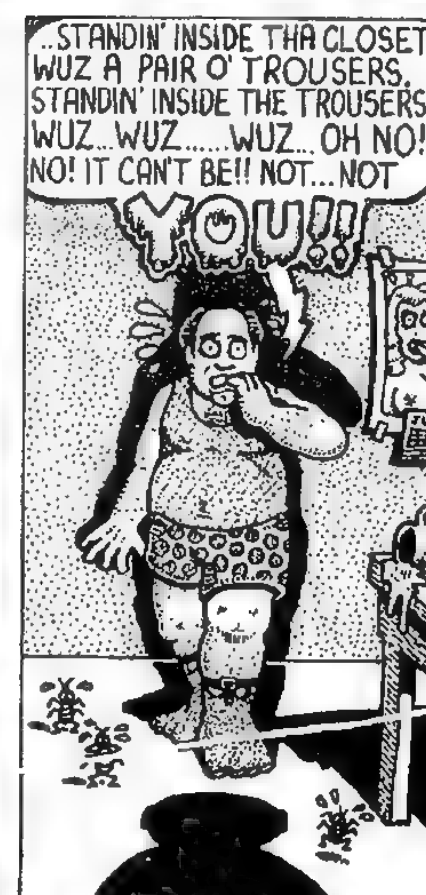
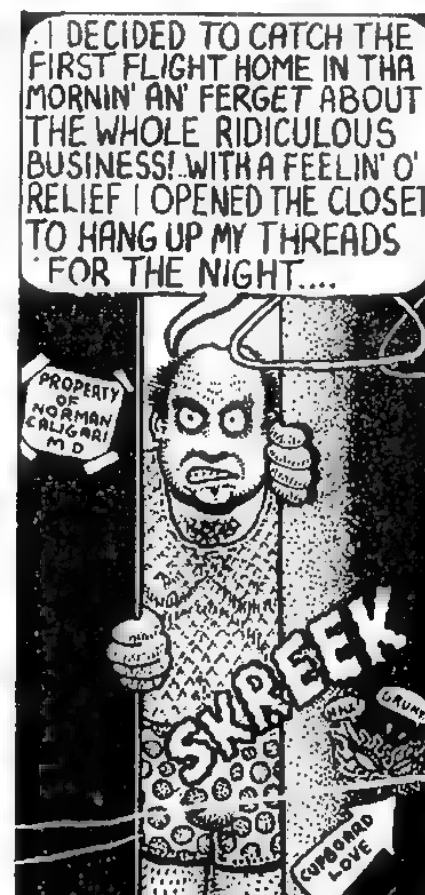
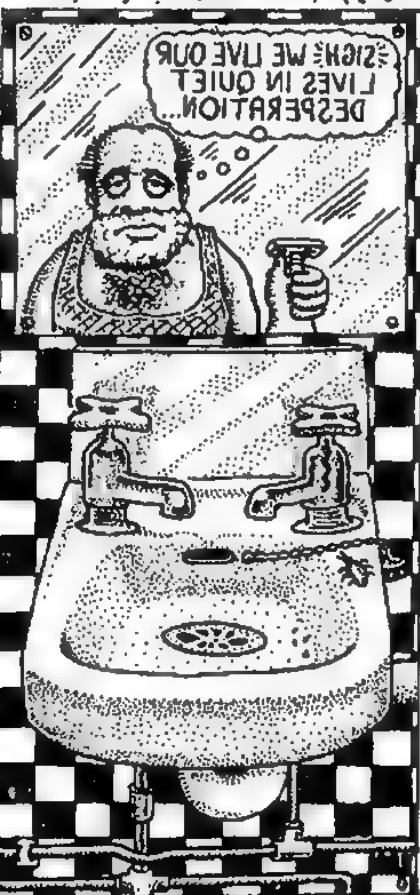
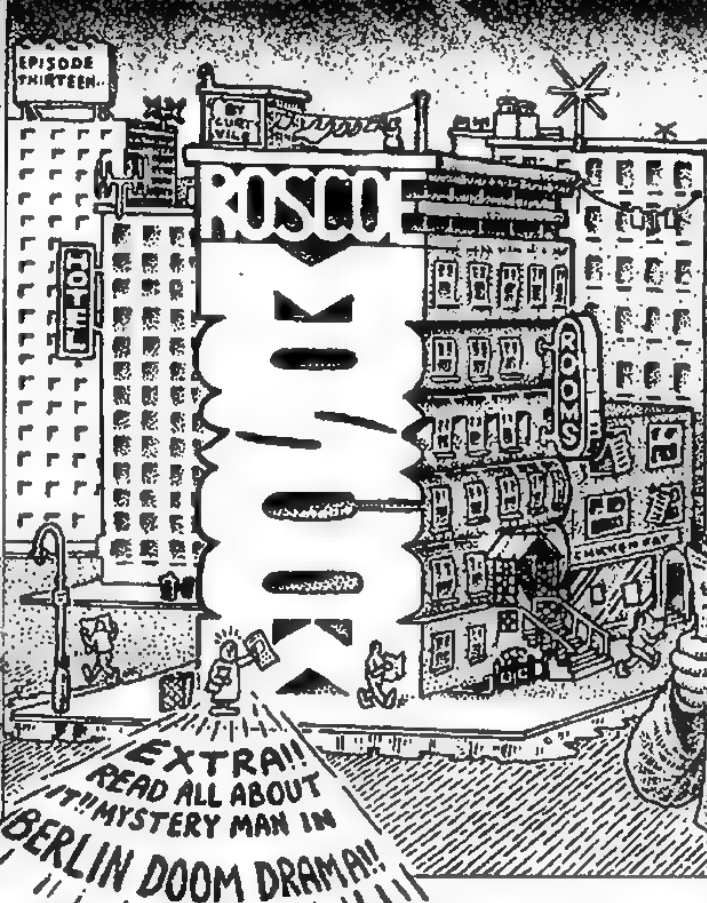
ROSCOE MOSCOW

"The Bang Big Bang Theory"

© 1979 By Curt Vile



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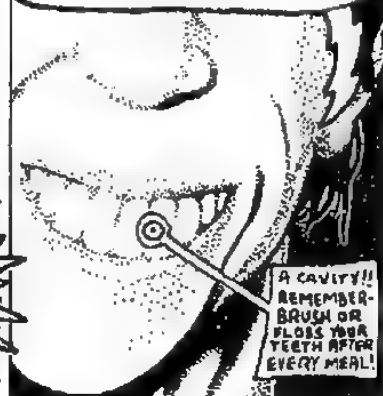




"IT WUZ 90° IN THE SHADE, BUT MY BLOOD RAN COLDER THAN A SIX-PACK OF BUD AS I LOOKED INTO THA FACE O' THE TERRIBLE FIGURE COMING OUTTA MY CLOSET AND RECOGNISED IT AS BELONGIN' TO.....



HEH HEH!! BETCHA RILLY SURPRISED TO SEE ME, HUH? BUDDY, HAVE I GOT A STORY TO TELL YOU! WHY DONCHA GET DRESSED, AN' THEN I CAN GIVE YA THA WHOLE SCAM WHILE WE GET MELLOW...



"...OVER A DRINK..."

..SO THERE I WAS, STUCK IN THE ACID BATH WITH TWO DOZEN PAIN- CRAZED PIRHANAS AN' A THOUSAND VOLT CABLE, WIT' THA MISSILES DIVIN' TOWARD ME: EEEYOWW!!



"...BY A FREAK **BILLION- TO-ONE** ACCIDENT, THE SHORTED 1000 V. CABLE CREATED A **POWERFUL ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD**..

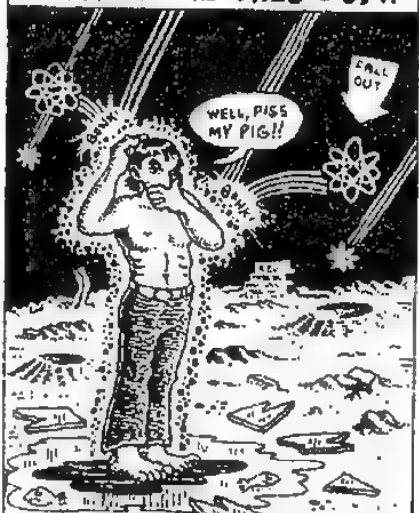


"..NO SUCH LUCK FER THE PIRHANAS!! THEY ALL **CROAKED** DUE TO THE **TOXIC EFFECTS** OF THE **ACID**, AND IT'S A CERT THAT I WOULD'A GONE THE SAME WAY!! **HOWEVER**..."



THE EFFECT OF THE VAST **ELECTRICAL CURRENT**, PLUS THE **UNPREDICTABLE RADIATION** WAS TO **STRANGELY TRANS- MUTE** THE **LETHAL ACID**..."

"..CHANGIN' IT INTO A **COMPLETELY HARMLESS** BUT **CURIOSLY RADIATION-RESISTIN'** SUBSTANCE WHICH SHIELDED ME FROM THE **FALL-OUT**!!"



"..ISN'T THAT THE MOST **UNBELIEVABLE** THING YOU EVER **HEARD**?! BUT THATS NOT ALL!! Y'SEE, ROSCOE..."

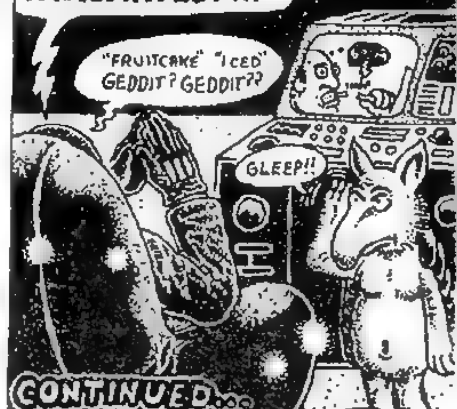


"..I KNOW WHO **KILLED ROCK N' ROLL**!!!"



"..MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE ELSE **ALLTOGETHER**..."

..HMM!! **AMBROSE**-GET A MESSAGE TO OUR **HAMBURG** OPERATIVE AND TELL HIM THAT I WANT THOSE TWO **FRUITCAKES ICED** **IMMEDIATELY**!!!"



CONTINUED...

HORROR IN HAMBURG!! WITH A SICK FEELIN' O' DREAD I RECOGNISED THE TERRIBLE FIGURE EMERGING FROM MY WARDROBE!! IT WUZ FUNNY, BUT ALL I COULD THINK OF WUZ MAXINE, FAITHFUL MAX-INE, THE BLONDE I'D LEFT BEHIND!! HOW WORRIED ABOUT ME SHE'D BE, HOW VULNERABLE...



"MOONLIGHT + MUNCHKINS!!"

...EVEN LATER...

CRIMINY, DOC!! YER A REAL PEACHY DANCER!! I SURE APPRECIATE A GUY WHO GOT PLENNY O' CULCHA! ROSCOE'S TANGO USE'TA BE RILLY BAD NEWS, IF YA TAKE MY MEANIN'!!



"HOW LONELY AND MISERABLE!!"

CHEE, DR. VON ZYGOTE!! IT'S REAL SWELL OF YA T' TAKE ME FER A MEAL AT A RITZY JOINT LIKE DIS!! YER A SHRINK INNA MILLION!!



THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY DEAR MRS. MOSCOW!! ALL MY CONSULTATION TIME WAS BOOKED, AND I DO TAKE A VERY...ER...SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOUR HUSBAND'S CASE!!

...THEREAFTER...

WHAT A SWELL NIGHT!! DOC, I GOTTA SAY THAT FER A LITTLE GUY, YOU GOT A HEART AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS, AN' I AIN'T JUST SAYIN' THAT.



...I MEAN, LIKE, ROSCOE AN' ME, WERE JUST PLAIN FOLK, Y'KNOW! AN' FER YOU T' GO OUTTA YER WAY T' HELP US LIKE THIS IS JUST SO GLITZY!! WHAT I MEAN DOC IS YER A REAL "GOOD SUMERIAN"!!



MRS. MOSCOW, I ASSURE YOU, YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS AMPLE REWARD IN ITSELF! IT'S NOT OFTEN A HIDEOUSLY MISSHA-PEN DWARF SUCH AS I CAN ENJOY SUCH RADIANT COMPANIONSHIP...

...LATER, OVER DINNER...

...AND SO, LIKE, WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION O' BERLIN, I THOUGHT "JEEZ, ROSCOE, YA REALLY SHOT YA WAD DIS TIME!!" KNOW WHADDI MEAN?



TSK TSK! IT MUST BE VERY TRYING FOR YOU!! DO HAVE SOME MORE OF THIS CHARMING WINE....

...LATER STILL....

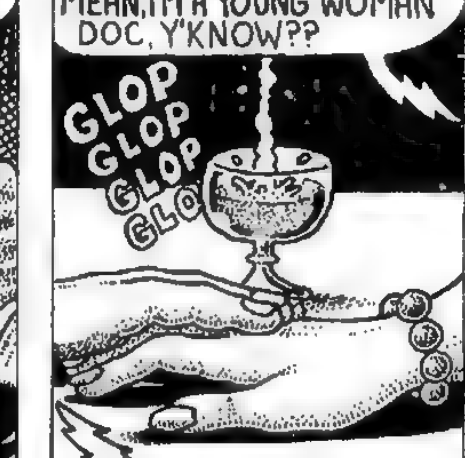
...AN' ALSO, LIKE, WHADDAMI SUPPOSED T' BE DOIN' WHILE ROSCOE'S SHOOTIN' 'ROUND THA WORLD GETTIN' BOMBS DROPPED ON HIM, HUH? I MEAN, I'M A YOUNG WOMAN DOC, Y'KNOW??



...QUITE SO, MY DEAR, QUITE SO...HERE, ALLOW ME TO FURNISH YOU WITH A REFILL....

...LATER STILL....

...AN' ALSO, LIKE, WHADDAMI SUPPOSED T' BE DOIN' WHILE ROSCOE'S SHOOTIN' 'ROUND THA WORLD GETTIN' BOMBS DROPPED ON HIM, HUH? I MEAN, I'M A YOUNG WOMAN DOC, Y'KNOW??



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EPISODE 15 OF 'WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL' A CARTOON ROMANCE BY CURT "MR SLOPPY OLD SENTIMENTALIST HIMSELF" VILE.

DOCTOR VON ZYGOTE!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



MY! WHAT A SPLENDID VIEW!! LET US STOP THE CAR AND ADMIRE IT IN TRANQUILITY...

TO BE CONFOUNDED.
VILE-O-VISION
©1979 ART PEND.

ROCK MOTION

WIGGY!! WILL YOU QUIT HORSING AROUND AND GIMME A STRAIGHT ANSWER, YOU ZANY??

"WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?"



I WAS GETTIN' NO-WHERE FAST, AN' IT WUZ NO SLEIGH-RIDE!! LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT WIGGY HAD BEEN POISONED.

GIK..GIK..GIK..GIK...

..POISONED BY THE SINISTER GLOVES!..

PUKE-HOGS OF PERFDY!! THAT OVERWEIGHT GAF IS STILL ALIVE!! HE LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DISPATCH MY "SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS!!"



EPISODE SEVENTEEN:

..MEANWHILE, I WUZ STILL TRYIN' TO GET SOME SENSE OUTTA WIGGY, BUT ALL HE KEPT SAYIN' WUZ "GIK GIK GIK" AN' SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE "KLUNK KLUNK" IT WUZ ALL RELATIVITY TO ME!! SUDDENLY...



"ICH BIN EIN HAMBURGER!"

..AHH..LISSEN, SISTER, I GAWPED 'JUST WHO IN HELL ARE YOU??'

I AM MECHANO, "WIGGY PULP'S ONLY TRUE FAN." (REG. TRADEMARK) BUT NOW HE IS DYING, AND I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR...UNLESS..



..UNLESS I CAN GET A BOOT-LEG TAPE OF HIS DYING BREATH!!

C'MON, BWAH!! LET'S HEAR THAT OL' DYING BREATH...

"DAMES" I GASPED. "JUST WHEN YA THINK YA GOTTEM FIGGERED OUT..."



..MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

PHEE-HAW!! SAY! THIS ANNUAL EUROPEAN CYCLE TOUR IS THE BEST IDEA US "FREEWAY FUCK-DOGS" HAD YET!! WHAISAY, LEROY?



..NOT FAR AWAY...

..THE VERDAMMT CRYPTO-FASCIST POLITZEI ARE GAINING ON US KARL!! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE CAR GO ANY FASTER???



NOT WITH TEN KILOS OF WARM, GELIGNITE AND TWO DEAD INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE BOOT I CAN'T!! WE MUST STOP AT THAT BEIRKELLER UP AHEAD AND SHOOT IT OUT IN A GLORIOUS FINAL STAND!! LONG LIVE THE PINK MILITARY FACTION!!

..AND AS BELOW, SO ABOVE...

OKAY YOU SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS... THERE'S THE OBJECTIVE BELOW!! NOW REMEMBER OUR ORDERS: "STRAIGHT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ATOMISE ANYTHING THAT BREATHES!!"



WHILE INSIDE THE HAPLESS HOSTELRY...

Y'KNOW, MYCROFT, 'OL BUDDY. SOME-TIMES, WHEN THINGS GET BEYOND A JOKE, I UNNERSTAND HOW SOME GUYS JUST LOSE THEIR GRIP AND RETREAT INTO A FANTASY WORLD... KNOW WHADDI MEAN???



CONTINUED... © 74 M. CURT

WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?
EPISODE EIGHTEEN: "FRY THE
KRAUTS ON PASSION BRIDGE!!"
GRATUITOUS SPILLED INNARDS
FOR THE YOUNG SOPHISTICATE....

APPROVED
BY THE
THREE
LEGGED
TOAD



CBAL

SQUAM!

WOOOM!

GUB!

KAPPA!
KAPPA!
KAPPA!

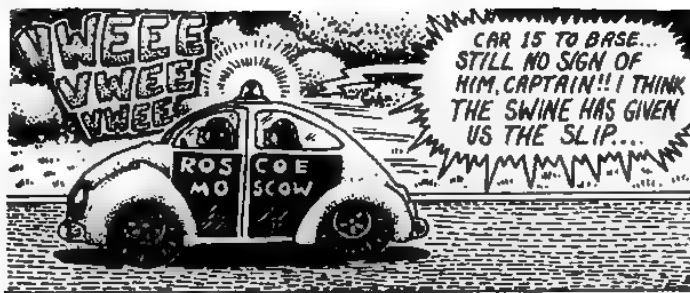
VAVVAVV!

ZIZLE!

IN WHICH
ROSCOE MOSCOW
ENJOYS A POINTLESS
ALTERCATION WITH
VARIOUS POLICEMEN,
TERRORISTS, ARIEL COMM-
ANDOS, AND THE ENTIRE
"FREEWAY FUCKDOGS"
MOTORCYCLE
CLUB...

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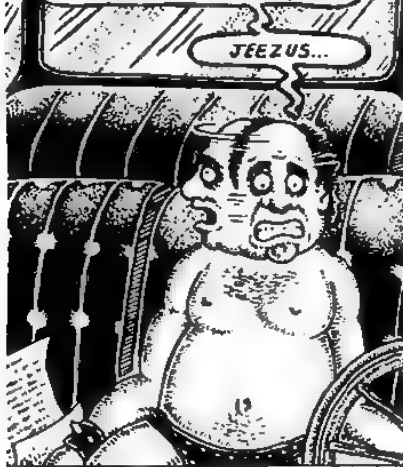
DEDICATED TO S. CURY WILSON. LONG MAY HE FELCH!!



..I WOKE UP... THE DAYLIGHT WUZ GIVIN' ME THE KINDA WELCOME THAT DEMPSEY GAVE FIRPO, AND STRAIGHTAWAY I KNEW SOMETHIN' WUZ WRONG!! MECHANO, MY ONLY TRUE (REG. TRADEMARK) FAN, WUZ GONE...

...LIKEWISE MY CLOTHES...

JEEZUS...



THERE WUZ A NOTE ON THE SEAT BESIDE ME, A HINT OF PERFUME IN THE AIR... I WUZ SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THAT OVERPOWERIN' SENSE OF LOSS THAT A GUY GETS WHEN HE'S ALL ALONE IN A STRANGE LAND, SITTIN' IN A STOLEN CAR AN' WEARIN' A BONDAGE COSTUME...



IT WUZ ALL TOO MUCH, TOO EARLY... I CLIMBED OUTTA THE CAR AND DECIDED TO CHECK IF THE V.W.'S FORMER OWNER HAD STASHED ANYTHIN' RESEMBLIN' A SIX-PAK O' HEINEKEN IN THE BOOT...



LIGHTHEARTEDLY, I OPENED THE BOOT, AND...



"GHURRP! GOOSH! YURK! BLEORCH! WHUALK!!" ...I GAGGED...



...MEANWHILE...

HOLY KAZOOSIS, ZOLTAN-POPS! YOU REALLY THINK THAT ROSCOE'S SOME KINDA DANGEROUS MANIAC WHO MIGHT SNAP AT ANY MINNIT??



CHEE! THA POOR SHMUCK!! MAYBE I SHOULD WAIT A WHILE BEFORE I FILE FER DIVORCE!! I DONT WANNA CRUCIFY THA JOIK, KNOW WHADDI MEAN??



...MEANWHILE...

..I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE!



Curt Vile
PRESENTS:

ROSCOE

THE BARBARIAN



WELL!! HOW
D'YA LIKE DAT!!

IN:

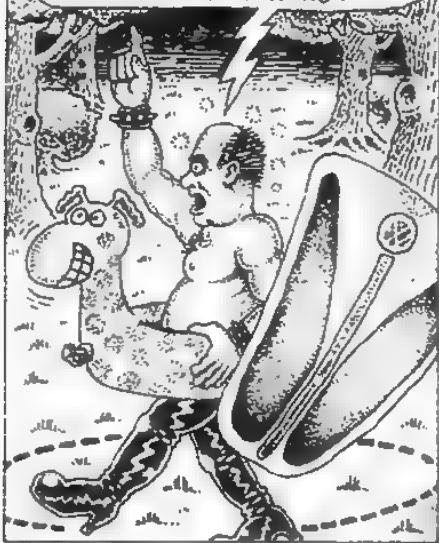
EPISODE
TWENTYONE

"WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"

A DORK IN THE BLACK FOREST!!

...A FOREST, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...

GAH-DAMMIT, "SPARK-PLUG," OL' BOY!! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?? WE BIN TRYIN' TO GET OUTTA THIS HERE FOREST FOR HOURS!!



"IN FACT I'M STARTIN' TO GET THA IMPRESSION I'D BE BETTER OFF WALKING!!" ...I GROWLED....

WHAT THE HELL??

SUDDENLY I SEEM TO BE HAVIN' A BERTIFIC VISION!! OR A POPULAR MIS-CONCEPTION OR SUMTHIN'!!

HOLY NED!!



"ROSCOE MOSCOW!! THIS IS AUNT LENE, THE GOOD WITCH SPEAKING!! WELCOME, O CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY!!



JEEZ...



LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND DELIVER US FROM THE AWFUL DRAGON...

SEE, YONDER IS YOUR MAGIC SWORD, SCORNBINGER...

TAKE IT, AND SEEK YE THE DAMSEL THAT IS ENCHAINED SOME HALF A LEAGUE HENCE...

UHH... I THINK THIS IS A CASE O' MISSHAPEN IDENTITY!!



UH-HUH! NO MISTAKE, BUDDY!! NOW ARE YOU GONNA HAUL MY ASS OUTTA THIS STONE, OR AINCHA??

AHH, WHUT THA HECK!! I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO LOSE... UH, SAY... DID I HEAR THAT BROAD WID DA PIGTAILS MENTION A DRAGON??



NAH!! SHE'S A YUGOSLAV... IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT T'MAKE OUT WHAT SHE'S SAYIN'... SHE PROBABLY MEANT "DRAG QUEEN" OR SOMETHIN'... SAY!! LOOK AHEAD, TIED TO THAT TREE...

OH YEAH! THE FRAIL I GOT'S TA RESCUE! O.K. LADY, YER WORRIES ARE OVER!! I'VE COME TO...

ROSCOE!!

UH JEEZUS HI, MAXINE



JUST MY CRUMMY LUCK! I GUESS THE BUDGET DIDN'T STRETCH TO GETTIN' A REAL MAN TO RESCUE ME! HELL, ROSCOE, WHATTAYA WEARIN'?? YA LOOK LIKE A NEWYAWK FAGGOT!!

UH, LISSEN, I CAN EXPLAIN. THESE AIN'T MY CLOTHES... I GOTTEM FROM THIS GIRL, SEE, AN'...



HA! MY HUSBAND, THE TRANS-VESTITE!! I MIGHTA KNOWN!! AN' I GUESS YER HOPIN' THAT YA GONNA MAKE THE DRAGON BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' ATCHA, RIGHT??

DRAGON? NOW LISSEN HERE, MAXINE. YOU AIN'T GOT NO CAUSE TA INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE...

SAY (SNIFF) DID SOMEBODY LEAVE A CIGAR BURNING, OR WHAT?

UH, WATCHA LOOKIN AT ME LIKE THAT FER? I TOLDJA BOUT THE OUTFIT...



UH, BOSS... I HATE TA INTERRUPT...

BUT I REALLY THINK YA SHOULD TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YA!!... AFTER ALL...

YA MAY NEVER SEE ANOTHER ONE...



...TO BE CONTINUED ©1979 by CURT WINDSOR VILE.



-IF BAGHAUS 1919 THINK THAT SIMPLY BY OFFERING ME MONEY, COCAINE AND SMALL BOYS THEY CAN GET ME TO PLUG THEIR NEW 'SMALL WONDER' RELEASE, 'BELA LUGOSI IS DEAD', LET THEM TAKE HEED: CURT VILE CANNOT BE BOUGHT!!-

"THE DRAGON TURNED INTO A TRAIN, AN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK"...A NICE WAY TO START A NOVEL, BUT A LOISY WAY TO RUN YER LIFE...



AFTER A WHILE, THE FOG STARTED TO LIFT... WAS THIS LIFE AFTER DEATH, OR JUST THE COMMERCIALS??



SO, MR MOSCOW!! YOU ARE AWAKE!! NYAH NYAH HAH HAH!!

WELCOME TO THE HAPPINESS EXPRESS! HEH HEH HEH!!

UHHH...WHUNTHUFUH??



FEAR NOT, MR MOSCOW, YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW!! YAH HA HA HA HAH!!!

NOW WHAT IN HELL ARE THESE GUYS ALL ABOUT??

WE RECOGNISED YOU AS A FELLOW CREATURE IN NEED AND SO WE TOOK YOU UNDER OUR WING!! PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME! HEE HEE!!



YOU'LL FIND SOME CLOTHES IN THE WARDROBE WE'LL SEE YOU IN A MOMENT! YEE HEE HEE HEE!!



...SOON...

MY LUCK WUZ IN!! I FOUND A NEW SET O' THREADS THAT WUZ EXACKLY LIKE MY OLD OUDS!! WHUT A FANTASTIC



WH! THERE YOU ARE MR MOSCOW!! NYAH HAH HAH!!

HAW HAW!! NOW DYA LIKE DESE LITTLE GUYS...THEY'RE ALWAYS LAFFIN!! HAW HAW!!

THIS WAY MR MOSCOW... HEH HEH!!



THIS IS THE TV ROOM!! PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, OUR MASTERS WILL BE ALONG TO SEE YOU IN A MOMENT! NYUK YUK YOK YUK YUK!!

TV ROOM

YER MASTERS, HUH? DOSE GUYS DONE ME A BIG FAVOUR, AN' NO MUSTAKE!! WH, SAY, ANYHOW, DAT THA TIME??



IT'S 4:32 PRECISELY! (SNICKER!)

WELL WHADDAYA KNOW!! IT'S TIME FER 'POPEYE'!!

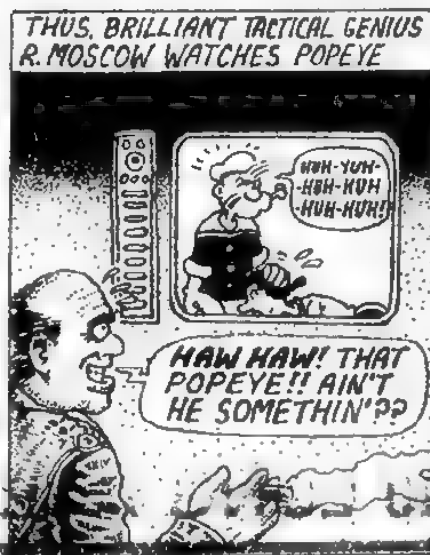
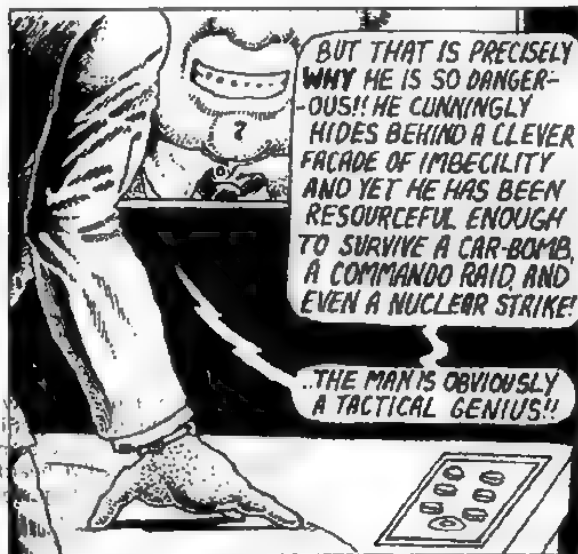
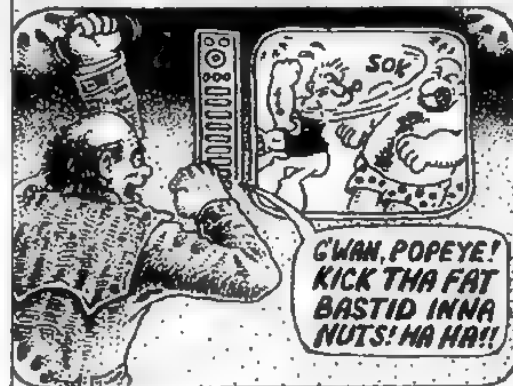
I FIGHTS TO THA FINICH WHEN I EATS MY SPINACH.

MODE NEXT WEEK 'FEAR EARS'



"LIFE... IT'S GOT MORE UPS AND DOWNS THAN A PICADILLY PILL-FREAK!! ONE MINNIT I'M UP TO MY ASS IN BLOOD AN' BULLETS, THE NEXT I'M RELAXIN' ABOARD A LUXURY TRAIN, GUEST OF A BUNCH O' MYSTERY BENEFACTORS..."

ROSCOE MOSCOW



KLUNK-KLANK
MUSIKFILM
PRESENTS:

SCREEN ACTIVATED!

KLK

ROSCOE MOSCOW WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?
EPISODE TWENTY FIVE
"TEENAGE KICKS!"
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LET US NOW PROBE INTO MR. MOSCOW'S ADOLESCENT MEMORIES...

DISSEM. MACHIN

"HER NAME WUZ MASONICA... MASONICA LODGE AN SHE WUZ THE SWEETEST POTATO THAT YA EVER SAW..."

AM I REALLY GOING OUT WITH HER??

"ALL THE GUYS HAD TRIED TO DATE HER, BUT IT WUZ ME, 'SHORTSTUFF' MOSCOW WHO GOT THE 10-4"

"I REMEMBER IT WUZ A DRIVE-IN, A JIMMY CAGNEY FLICK..WUZ THIS IT? WUZ I FINALLY GONNA "DO IT"?"

OOH, ROSCOE!! MY CAVEMAN!! LET'S "GO ALL THE WAY!!"

OH BAYBEE!

..UHH...WHILLICKERS, MASONICA!! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE...UHH..."READY"??

ROScoe, YOU SAVAGE YOU'RE DRIVING ME WILD! C'MON, BIG BOY.. GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.

YEAH! YEAH- I LOVE YOU!! NOW SHOOOO!!

..BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN.

OOOPS

OH NO!!! ROSCOE, YOU ASSHOLE!!

OH JEEZ!! I'M RILLY SORRY, MASONICA! O GOD!!

HERE, LET ME WIPE THAT OFFA YER SKIRT FOR YA...

UHH DO YOU HAVE A HANDKERCHIEF?

"I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN, BUT THE OTHER GUYS CALLED ME 'FLY-SPRAY' FER THE REST OF MY SCHOOL CAREER.."

"AN' LIKE, AFTER THAT, I GUESS THINGS REALLY TOOK A TURN FER THE WORSE."

TO BE CONTINUED



"TOTAL RECALL?
LISTEN, BUDDY-
FERGET IT!!!"

ROLL CREDITS:
ROSCOE MOSCOW
GENTLEMAN SLEUTH,
WHO KILLED
ROCK & ROLL?
EPISODE TWENTYSIX:
HAM FISTED TALES!
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...I GOT CALLED UP JUST AFTER
PEARL HARBOUR. I WUZ JUST 19,
AN EAGER TO FIGHT FER UNCLE SAM!



"I'D KINDA FIGGERED THAT THE
GUYS WUZN'T OVER-IMPRESSED WITH
ME, BUT IT WUZNT UNTIL SOME TIME
LATER, WHEN WE WUZ IN TARAWA..."



OKAY MOSCOW, YA
FLEA BITTEN, BELLYACHIN'
TURD-GOBBIN' NON-
JEWBOY CHEESEHEAD!!
THIS HERE IS A
STRATEGICALLY IMPORT-
ANT TREE!! I WANT YA TO
GAURD IT WITH YA LIFE!!

SGT. GUTZ AND HIS MAYHEM MANIACS!



MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN SO EAGER IF I'D KNOWN
THAT I WUZ GONNA BE
ASSIGNED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE



I REMEMBER NOW, ON MY FIRST DAY,
SARGE INTRODUCED ME TO THE MEN...
AWRIGHT, YOU
BUNCHA GOLDBRICKIN'
TEA-SIPPIN' CRUMPET-
DUNKIN' CHICKEN-
FUCKIN' FAGGOTS!
THIS HERE'S P.F.C.
MOSCOW... MEET
THE BOYS, MOSCOW.



FIRST, WE GOT "GOOBER"
WASHINGTON, A SMILEY NIGRA
WITH HAPPY FEET AN' A BIG...
NEXT, OUR PUERTO-
RICAN 'SWITCHBLADE
AN' 'PORNOGRAPHY'
EXPERT, JESUS
JIMINEZ...
ON HIS LEFT, AN'
A LITTLE NEARER,
THE FLOOR WE GOT
OUR 'FIGHTIN' IRISH'
DEMOLITIONS MAN,
CPL. GEORGE BERNARD
SHAW. (NO RELATION.)
HOW'R THINGS
IN GLOCHA-
MORRA??
GIMME SUN
SKIN, BOSS-
MASSAH!!!
OH-HO-LA-
VERGA!!



AN' FINALLY, THERES GOOD
OL' MARJORIE, THE SQUADRON
TRANSVESTITE...
NOW, MEN, AS YOU KNOW,
P.F.C. MOSCOW HERE IS
THE SQUAD'S NEW
TOKEN YID...
THEN THERES RHETT
WALLACE, OUR DEEP-SOUTH
REPRESENTATIVE...



AN' I WANCHA TO MAKE
HIS STAY WITH US A HAPPY ONE!
'YID'??



BUT SARGE... I'M
NOT JEWISH!!
GWACIOUS!
NOT JEWISH??
NOWR' WE GONNA
KEEP OUR REP AS
THE MOST SOCIALLY
INTEGRATED PSYCHOS
OF W.W.II IF THE
NEW YID AINT JEWISH??
MEN MEN!
HEE HEE



ME AN' THA BOYS'LL
BE BACK REAL SOON.
JUST YOU BE SURE TO
STAY IN THAT THERE
TREE!! (HEH HEH)
SHICKER
YOWSON!
HEE HEE



TIME PASSED:
1945:
1946:
1947:
FOCK THIS FER A
GAME O' SOJERS!!



NATCHERLY, I SOON FOUND
OUT THAT THE WAR HAD BIN'
OVER FER YONKS AN' I WUZ
A CIVILLIAN AGIN! SOME
YEARS LATER, HOWEVER,
I WUZ WALKIN' ON NOB
HILL, IN FRISCO, WHEN I
CAME ACROSS A BEGGAR...
SPARE CHANGE
FER A DISABLED
WAR VET MUSTER?



"IT WUZ THE SARGE!!" THE
YEARS HADN'T BIN KIND
TO HIM... THERE WUZ ONLY
ONE THING I COULD DO...
"FOUR YEARS
I WUZ UP THAT TREE
YA BASTARD!!!"
YAGH!
STEEP
HILL!

TO BE CONTINUED...

HI THERE, HEPCATS AND KITTENS! CURT "MR. PERSONALITY" VILE HERE. MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT SOME OF YOU POOR BRAIN-DAMAGED BASTARDS HAVE TROUBLE IN UNDERSTANDING THIS STRIP...



BUT THEN WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A READERSHIP WHOSE MINDS ARE TOO ADDLED BY QUAAALUDE ABUSE AND CONSTANT MAGGOT-GALLOPING TO FOLLOW ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN 'OLD LOB AND HIS FARMYARD PALS'?



BUT FEAR NOT, MY SQUIRMIES... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE MOST LIKELY HOLDING THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ANYWAY, GOOD 'OL' UNCLE CURT PRESENTS "WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?" EPISODE 27: "WHO'S WHO IN ROSCOE MOSCOW?"



"FIRST AND FOREMOST, OUR HARD-BITTEN HERO, ROSCOE B. MOSCOW... THIS TOUGH PRIVATE EYE STALKS ROCK~ROLL'S KILLER RELENTLESSLY, DESPITE THE SERIOUS HANDICAP OF BEING FAT, STUPID, MENTALLY ILL AND TROUBLED BY HAEMORRHOIDS.



SECONDLY, HIS GLAMOUROUS WIFE MAXINE. SHE CAN'T REMEMBER THE WEDDING. (IT WAS IN TIJUANA AND SHE WAS DRUNK.) BUT SHE SOON DISCOVERED THAT ROSCOE WAS AS GOOD IN BED AS HE WAS AT EVERYTHING ELSE. AN ASPIRING DIVORCEE.



"NEXT, MR. MOSCOW'S PSYCHIATRIST, DR. ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED DWARF WHO IS CURRENTLY PLAYING 'HIDE THE SALAMI' WITH MR. MOSCOW'S WIFE. A RUM LITTLE BLIGHTER."



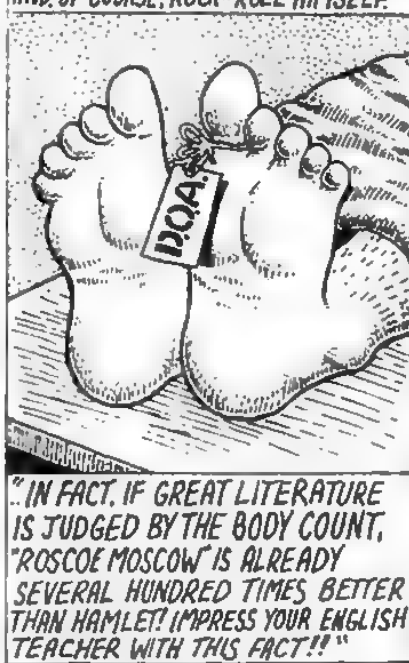
THEN THERE'S THE ENIGMATIC "SINISTER GLOVES" AND HIS ARMADILLO AIDE-DE-CAMP, AMBROSE. NO ONE IS QUITE CERTAIN WHAT THIS GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE UP TO, BUT IT WOULD UPSET YOU IF YOU FOUND YOUR MOTHER DOING IT...



"LET US NOT FORGET MYCROFT THE IMAGINARY CROW, OUR HERO'S PET D.T. HALLUCINATION. IN HIS SPARE TIME, THIS LIKEABLE NIGHT-MARE GETS BIG YOKS BY DRIVING ACIDHEADS AND DEXEDRINE-CRAZED HOUSEWIVES TO SUICIDE..."



"AND FINALLY, THE STIFFS!! IN SIX SHORT MONTHS OF LIFE, THIS FEISTY LITTLE STRIP HAS MANAGED TO GREASE HUNDREDS OF MINOR CHARACTERS INCLUDING BIKERS, COPS, ALIENS, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF BERLIN, AND OF COURSE, ROCK~ROLL HIMSELF."



WELL, NEXT ISSUE, WE'LL BE BACK TO (HEH HEH!) "NORMAL," AND HOPEFULLY, THIS LITTLE EXCURSION WILL HAVE SILENCED MY CRITICS...



"FIRST- THE GOOD NEWS. AFTER MONTHS OF SEARCHIN' I'D FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE KILLERS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, A BUNCHA MAD HUNS WHO WENT BY THE MONICKER OF **RAFIWERK!!**"



"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL EPISODE TWENTYEIGH"

OF COURSE THIS WAS MARRED JUST A LITTLE BY ONE MINOR DETAIL:

"I'M AFRAID, HERR MOSCOW. THAT WE MUST DECREASE YOUR HAT SIZE A LITTLE BY BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT!!"



MY MIND RACED!! I HAD TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO STALL THEM.

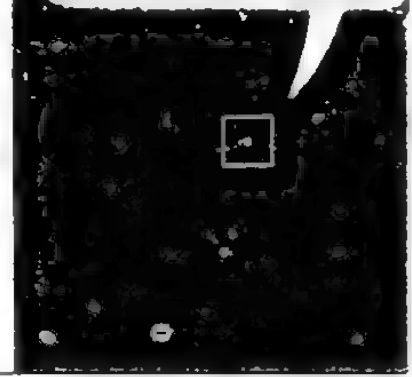
"YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!" I CROAKED.



PANEL 4- LONG SHOT.

16

OH DON'T BE SUCH A GREAT STUPID TIT! OF COURSE WE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT!! YOU'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE. NO ONE KNOWS YOUR WHEREABOUTS. WE GERMANS MAY HAVE LOST THE WORLD CUP BUT WE'RE NOT TOTALLY INCOMPETENT!



I HAD TO ADMIT HE GOT A POINT!!



NO, HERR MOSCOW!! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN STRONG ENOUGH TO FOOL OUR MIND-PROBE BUT ALL YOUR MUCH-VAUNTED CUNNING CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW!!



SPECIAL LIGHTING EFFECT

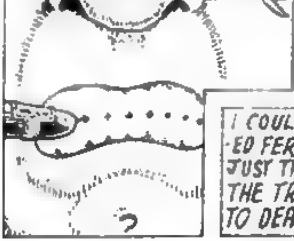
THAT'S A NICE LINE!

THANKS! YOU REALLY THINK SO??

YES- "MUCH VAUNTED CUNNING". REALLY SMART!

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S A LITTLE TOO PLAYFUL?

NO, NO. IT'S TREMENDOUS!!



I COULDA LISTENED FER HOURS, BUT JUST THEN I FELT THE TRAIN LURCH TO DEAD HALT...

ACH DU LEIBER UND STOLLER!! WE MUST HAVE REACHED A STATION!! I APOLOGISE, HERR MOSCOW, FOR THE DELAY WE WILL SHOOT YOU DIRECTLY THE TRAIN IS ONCE MORE IN TRANSIT.



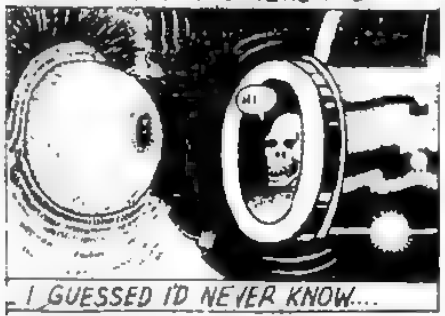
"AHH ANYBODY FER A GAME O' FIFTY-TWO CARD PICK-UP??" I QUIPPED



THE TRAIN BEGAN MOVIN' ALMOST STRAIGHT AWAY I HAD TO PLAY FOR TIME SOMEHOW

NO TAKERS!! IN DESPAIR I WATCHED HIS FINGER TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER

IT'S FUNNY, THE WACKY THINGS THAT YA THINK OF WHEN YER LOOKIN' DEATH IN THE FACE!! I WUZ WONDERIN' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MECHANO, THE KRAUT CUTIE WHO'D LEFT ME IN THE LURCH' ALSO WONDERED WHO'D ORDERED THE 500 TRENCHCOATS FROM 'MAX SCHWARZ' THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS LTD'



I GUESSED I'D NEVER KNOW...

SUDDENLY, A DOOR SPRANG OPEN

EXCUSING ME BUT IS THIS THE LADIES POWDER ROO... **HERR MOSCOW!!!** WHAT AN UNGLAUBLICH COINCIDENCE!!



MECHANO?? I GAWPED

JA!! IT IS ME BEINK! UND JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHO I AM HAVING WITH ME, BY CRIKEY!!



ACH!! NEIN!! BY GOERING'S DEMEROL HABIT!! IT CANNOT BE!!!



BUT IT IS!!!

MEET THE "**ROSCOE MOSCOW ONLY TRUE FAN CLUB.**" (REG. TRADEMARK.)



"HI THERE!!" ...WE SNARLED...

TO BE CONTINUED ©1979 CURT VILE



IN THE CONFUSION I GRABBED ME AN EQUALIZER...



MY HEATER SPAT LEAD OBLIVION...



...AGAIN....



...AND AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN!



EACH...I...I AM...A ROBOT!!
...HOW S...S...STRANGE...



I WAS N...NOT...NOT AWARE...



NOT AWARE...NOT AWARE...NOT



WELL, THERE'S SOMETHIN' DAMN FISHY GOIN' ON HERE!!



I CONCLUDED...

ROSCOE MOSCOW

RELEVANT DATA

AT A STATE BANQUET, A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SPILLED A GLASS OF WATER OVER THEN-PRESIDENT GERALD FORD. THE AIDE APOLOGISED PROFUSELY, BUT THE GENT FROM GRAND RAPIDS JUST SMILED AND SAID:

UHH. NOBODY'S HUMAN..



"WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL?"

30: WASHING THE DETECTIVE!!

MECHANO AN' HER BUDDIES HAD SPLIT THE SCENE, LEAVIN' ME TO RETURN TO THE HAMBURG FLOPHOUSE I'D VACATED WEEKS AGO! I WUZ RUNNIN' A BATH. ROCK N' ROLL WUZ DEAD, THE BUNCH A HOMICIDAL WIND-UPS KNOWN AS RAFIAWERK WERE DEAD, BUT I'D BE DAMNED IF PERSONAL HYGINE WUZ DEAD!! NO SIR!!



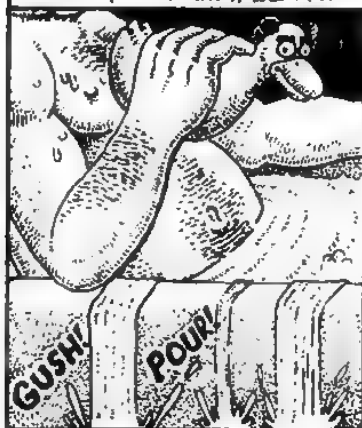
I WAS THICK WITH THE GRIME OF INTRIGUE AN' MORTALITY... ALSO STALE 'HAI-KARATE'. THANKFULLY I SANK INTO THE TUB AN' LET THE CHEAP PINE BATH SALTS SOOTHE MY SINS...



BUT IT WUZ NO GOOD. SOMETHIN' JUST DIDN'T ADD UP! I SHOULDA BIN FEELIN' LIKE A MILLION BUCKS. INSTEAD, I FELT LIKE I JUST GOT CONTROLLIN' SHARES IN THE EDESL!! WHAT GAVE? I'D CAUGHT UP WITH ROCKY'S KILLERS AN' BLOWN THE JUNK THEY HAD INSTEAD O' BRAINS ALL OVER THEIR LAPELS!! JUSTICE HAD BIN DONE, HADN'T IT??



THE WHOLE PROBLEM WAS, THIS BUSINESS HAD MORE LOOSE ENDS THAN A BAD DETECTIVE STORY. WHO WERE THE SIVANA BROTHERS, AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO 'EM SINCE I ICED THEIR BOSSES, FR'EXAMPLE??!!



SECONDLY, SOME BARGAIN-BASEMENT EINSTEIN HAD BUILT AND PROGRAMMED THE ERECTOR-SET PSYCHOS WHO HAD OFFED ROCKY!! BUT WHO...AN' WHY??



..THEN, O'COURSE, THERE WUZ THE MINOR MYSTERY O' THE GEEK WITH THE MICKEY MOUSE GLOVES WHO TURNED UP IN THE LAST PANEL OF EVERY THIRD EPISODE AND WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF.



OBVIOUSLY THERE WUZ PLENTY O' FOLDIN' GREEN TIED UP IN THIS SOMEWHERE! YA DON'T GET THE CASH TO RAISE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO TOTAL BERLIN BY JUST WORKIN' NIGHTS IN THA LAUNDERETTE....

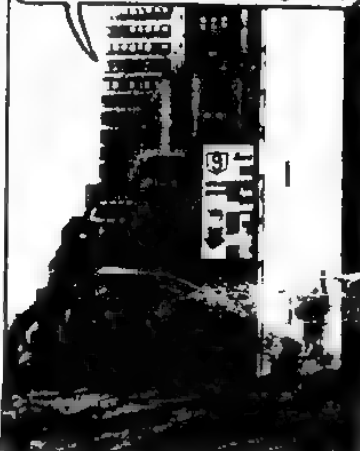


..BUT WHERE'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO START LOOKIN'? IT STRUCK ME I KNEW LESS NOW THAN WHEN I STARTED THIS CAPER!!

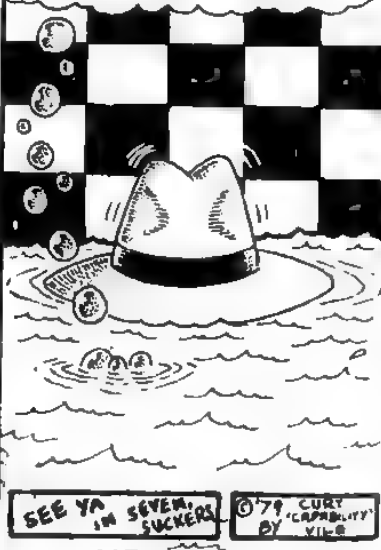
HMM.. MAYBE I SHOULDA ASKED RAFIAWERK WHO SIGNED THEIR PAYCHECKS BEFORE I SHOT THA BASTIDS...



I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO THE STATES ON THE FIRST FLIGHT NEXT DAY-I KNEW SOME GUYS WHO COULD MAYBE HELP ME OUTTA MY PREDICAMENT!! BUT STILL... I COULDN'T SHAKE THIS FEELIN' IN MY GUT...



..COULD IT BE THAT I WUZ GETTIN' INVOLVED IN A SITCHEWATION WHERE I WUZ WAY OUTTA MY DEPTH??



ROSCOE MOSCOW

"RELEVANT DATA"
 "THINGS ARE MORE LIKE THEY ARE NOW THAN THEY EVER WERE BEFORE."
 -DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
 (COURTESY OF "SMOKE" GRIMES OF SMOKE PART 1 SCHMIDTKE.)



WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL? 31: "OUR SENIOR SUPERMEN..."

DATeline: NEW YORK!! THEY SAY THERE'S A BROKEN LIGHT FOR EVERY HEART ON BROADWAY, BUT IT WUZ GOOD TA BE BACK!! I'D FLOWN IN FROM GERMANY, LOOKIN' FOR HELP IN TRACKIN' DOWN ROCKY'S KILLER, AN' I HAD A SHREWD IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND IT...

...THE NAME OF THE BAR WUZ "CAPTAIN BILLY'S". I WENT IN...

...DIDJA EVER WONDER WHERE CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES WHEN HE WANTS TO UNWIND FROM BEATIN' UP COMMIES AND CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS?? WELL, LEMME CLUE YA IN, BUB...

...HE GOES TO CAPTAIN BILLY'S!! AN' THE GUY I WUZ LOOKIN' FOR WUZ HOLDIN' UP THE BAR THERE LIKE HE WUZ WELDED TO IT...

...SEE ME

HIS NAME WUZ ROCKET REDGLARE, THE GREATEST PATRIOTIC SUPER-DUPER EVER TO THROW IN HIS HAND WITH UNCLE SAMMY!! I'D BIN A FAN O' HIS SINCE I WUZ A LITTLE KID...

"UHH, EXCUSE ME, SIR, I MUMBLED, BUT..."

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!! WILL YA LOOK WHO IT IS!! HEY, FELLAS! IT'S ROSCOE MOSCOW!! HA HA HA! "REACH, I GROWLED!", RIGHT, ROS? HA HA!!

BOY HOWDY!! ALLA THESE GOOD OL' BOYS IS BIG FANS O' YOUSE, RIGHT, GUYS? NEVER MISS AN EPISODE!! HA HA! "HOLD IT, I SNARLED." HA HA HA!! GREAT! I LOVE IT! BUT WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE, BUDDY?? I MEAN, WHAT'S SHAKIN'?

"AN SO I TOLD HIM HOW I FIGGERED HE COULD HELP ME FIND THE KILLER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, BUT HE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD AN' SIGNED..."

ROSCOE, YER ABOUT TWENNY YEARS TOO LATE! WE AIN'T BARELY IN SHAPE TO CASH OUR WELFARE CHECKS ANYMORE!! DAMMIT, ROSCOE, WE'RE OLD MEN!!

YEAH, BUT...

...BUT NOTHIN' BUDDY!! WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!! JUST LOOK AT THE SHAPE O' THESE SAD-ASSED SONS OF BITCHES.. THE HUMAN SAFETYMATCH, JUST A BURNED-OUT HAS-BIN PLASTIGENE MAN TURNED HIMSELF INTO A STANDARD LAMP THREE YEARS AGO AN' CANT CHANGE BACK! THEN THERE'S WOMBAT MAN, THE POOR MOTH-EATEN BASTARD. THE SILVER SUFFERER, THE GREEN LATRINE, THE FLYIN' FUCK WERE A JOKE, ROSCOE! A BAD JOKE!!

NAH, PAL, WE AIN'T FIT TA DO NOTHIN BUT WISH YA LUCK... AN' BELIEVE ME, YER GONNA NEED IT...

"UHH, WHADDAYA MEAN?" I QUERIED.

PANEL 8:

OH, I WUZ FORGETTIN'. YOU BIN OUT OF THE COUNTRY!! YOU DONT KNOW WHAT'S BIN GOIN' DOWN SINCE ROCKY BOUGHT IT. HERE, LET DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL RUSTLE UP A VISION TO PUT YA IN THE PICTURE! KINYA DO IT, DOC??

DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL

COFF COFF I'LL TRY MY

THERE, ROSCOE... YA SEE?? YA SEE WHUT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK AND ROLL??

...I GAZED INTO THE MAGICALLY CREATED IMAGE WITH HORROR! A SICK FEELIN' BUBBLED IN MY GUT. "OH JEEZUS" I GASPED

BE CONTINUED... © 1979 by CURT "AT LAST A CULT HERO FOR THE '80S" VILE.

ROSCOE MOSCOW:
WHO KILLED ROCK &
ROLL? PART 32: THE
END OF CIVILIZATION
AS WE KNOW IT!!!

'ROCK-ROLL WUZ DEAD,
AN' FROM WHERE I WUZ
STANDIN' IT LOOKED AS
IF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
WUZ COUGHIN' BLOOD!!

TRILOBITES TEEM
FROM OPEN SEWERS.
EVERYWHERE IS THE
THICK PERFUME OF
ROTTING APPLES...

"HAD THE JEHOVAH'S
WITNESSES BIN RIGHT?
WUZ THIS THE END?
OR WHAT?? IT SURE
AS HELL BEAT ME...."

SUNSTROKE IN THE
DARK! FIREWORKS! A
DISTANT SOUND OF
MILLIONS WHISPERING
ROCK-ROLL WAS DEAD...





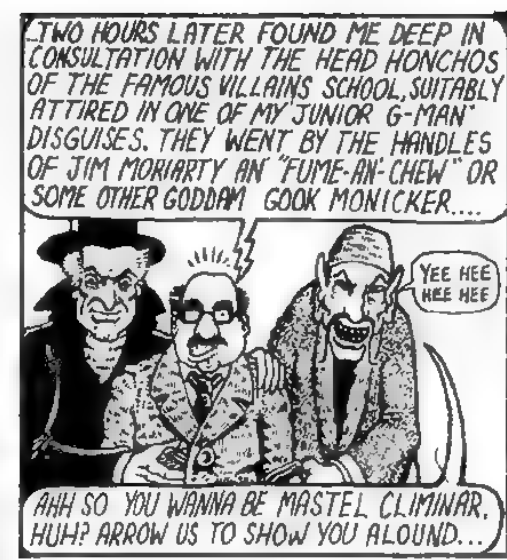
I WUZ BACK IN MY OFFICE, FILING SUM BILLS IN THA IN-SINKERATER WHEN I NOTICED AN AD ON THE BACK O' MY SUBSCRIPTION COPY OF THA 'KAEMORRHOND SUFFERERS DIGEST'...FAMOUS VILLAINS SCHOOL...HUH?? COULD THIS BE THE LEAD I WUZ WAITIN' FER??

R30320R W0320M
PRIVATE INVESTIGATION
22 TRIM 22 (L) 22 TRIM 22 (R)

EPISEDE 34
NIGHT CLASSES!

1979
CUAT VILE
MEN!
THAT YU
WERE LIVING
WEE LIVING
WEE LIVING

WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO SINCERELY WANT TO RULE THE UNIVERSE.
FAMOUS VILLAINS SCHOOL
FOR MEGALOMANIACS



TWO HOURS LATER FOUND ME DEEP IN CONSULTATION WITH THE HEAD HONCHOS OF THE FAMOUS VILLAINS SCHOOL, SUITABLY ATTIRED IN ONE OF MY JUNIOR G-MAN DISGUISES. THEY WENT BY THE HANDLES OF JIM MORIARTY AN "FUME-AN-CHEW" OR SOME OTHER GODDAM GOOK MONICKER....

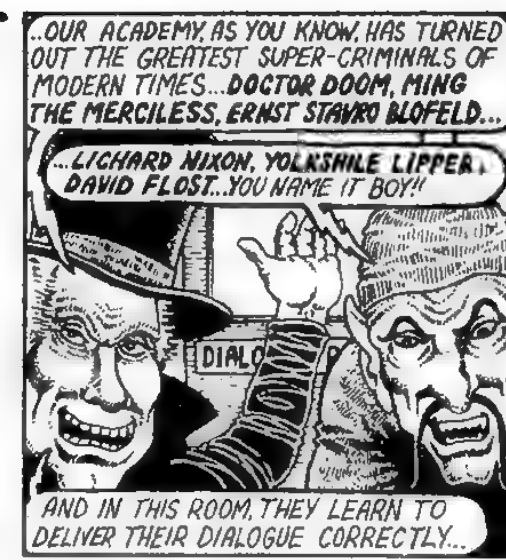
YEE HEE HEE HEE

AHH SO YOU WANNA BE MASTEL CLIMINAR. HUH? ARROW US TO SHOW YOU AROUND...



THEN HERE, IN THE NEXT ROOM, WE HOLD CLASSES ON POSE HERE, ONE OF OUR GRADUATES DEMONSTRATES HIS "THE WORLD HAS NOT HEARD THE LAST OF" STANCE.

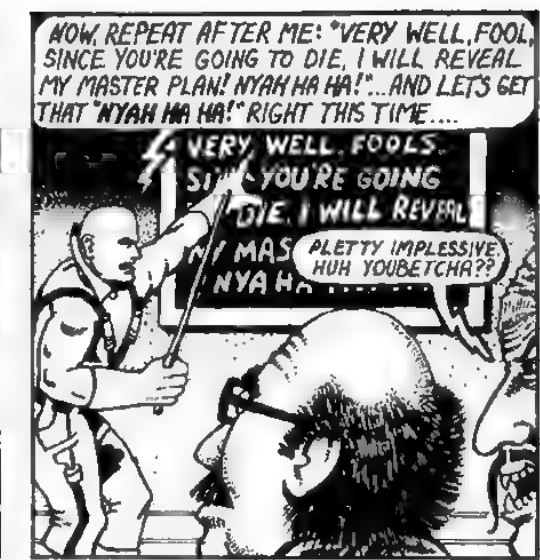
KNOWN IN THE TRADE AS THE "ARTHRITIC CLUTCH"



...OUR ACADEMY, AS YOU KNOW, HAS TURNED OUT THE GREATEST SUPER-CRIMINALS OF MODERN TIMES...DOCTOR DOOM, MING THE MERCILESS, ERNST STAVRO BLOFELD...

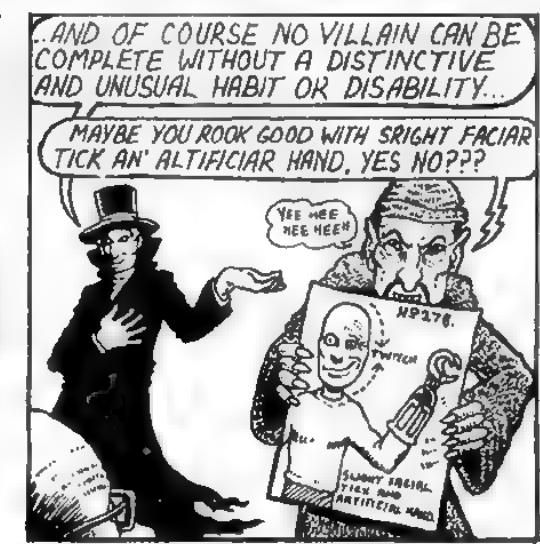
...LICHARD NIXON, YOLKSHIRE LIPPER, DAVID FLOST...YOU NAME IT BOY!!

AND IN THIS ROOM, THEY LEARN TO DELIVER THEIR DIALOGUE CORRECTLY...



NOW, REPEAT AFTER ME: "VERY WELL, FOOL, SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, I WILL REVEAL MY MASTER PLAN! NYAH HA HA!"...AND LET'S GET THAT "NYAH HA HA!" RIGHT THIS TIME...

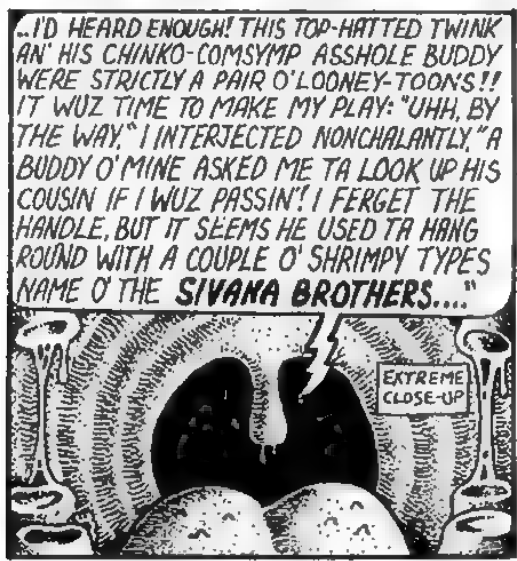
VERY WELL, FOOLS. SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, I WILL REVEAL MY MASTER PLAN! NYAH HA HA! PLETTY IMPRESSIVE HUH YOUNBETCHA??



...AND OF COURSE NO VILLAIN CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A DISTINCTIVE AND UNUSUAL HABIT OR DISABILITY...

MAYBE YOU ROOK GOOD WITH SRIGHT FACIAR TICK AN' ALTIFICIAR HAND, YES NO???

YEE HEE HEE HEE



...I'D HEARD ENOUGH! THIS TOP-HATTED TWINK AN' HIS CHINKO-COMSYMP ASSHOLE BUDDY WERE STRICTLY A PAIR O' LOONEY-TOONS!! IT WUZ TIME TO MAKE MY PLAY: "UHH, BY THE WAY," I INTERJECTED NONCHALANTLY, "A BUDDY O' MINE ASKED ME TA LOOK UP HIS COUSIN IF I WUZ PASSIN'! I FERGET THE HANDLE, BUT IT SEEMS HE USED TA HANG ROUND WITH A COUPLE O' SHRIMPY TYPES NAME O' THE SIVANA BROTHERS..."

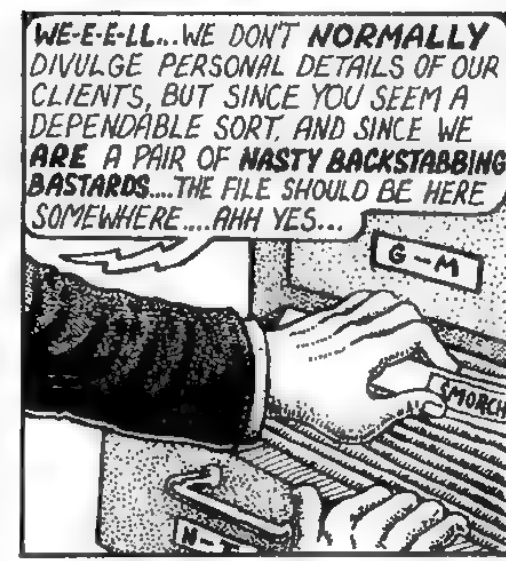
EXTREME CLOSE-UP



AHHH...THE SIVANAS! SUCH CLEVER LITTLE CHAPS! SUCH BRIGHT PUPILS...HMM. YOUR FRIEND'S COUSIN MUST HAVE BEEN A. BRILBURN SMORCH, ONE OF OUR...ER...LESS SUCESSFUL STUDENTS...TSK. POOR FELLOW...

YEE HEE HEE HEE
YEE. ANH, ROCK THIS FOR A RALK!

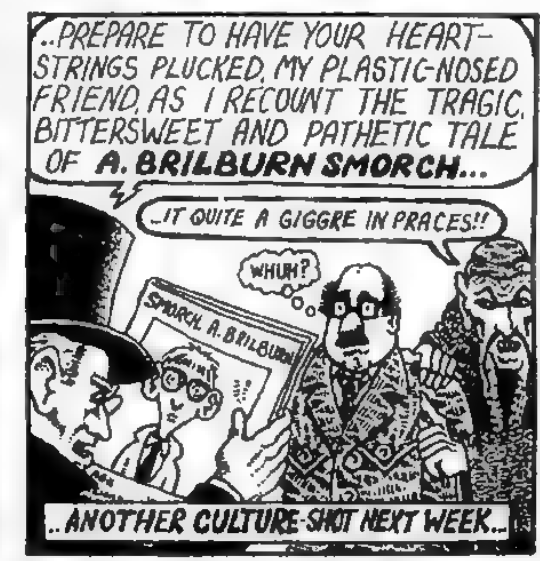
"UHH. WHADDAYA MEAN, EGGZACKLY, -I QUERIED SHARPLY!!



WE-E-E-LL...WE DON'T NORMALLY DIVULGE PERSONAL DETAILS OF OUR CLIENTS, BUT SINCE YOU SEEM A DEPENDABLE SORT, AND SINCE WE ARE A PAIR OF NASTY BACKSTABBING BASTARDS...THE FILE SHOULD BE HERE SOMEWHERE...AHH YES...

G-M

SMORCH



...PREPARE TO HAVE YOUR HEART-STRINGS PLUCKED, MY PLASTIC-NOSED FRIEND, AS I RECOUNT THE TRAGIC, BITTERSWEET AND PATHETIC TALE OF A. BRILBURN SMORCH...

...IT QUITE A GIGGRE IN PRACES!!

WHUM?

...ANOTHER CULTURE SHOT NEXT WEEK...

I WUZ HANGIN' OUT AT THE FAMOUS VILLAIN'S SCHOOL. AN' PRINCIPAL JIM MORIARTY WUZ GIVIN' ME THE LOWDOWN ON A PRIME SUSPECT.

ROSCOE MOSCOW WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL? 35 YOU NEED GLOVES!

SMORCH BEGAN HIS FATED LIFE OF CRIME AT 15 WITH AN AUTO HOTWIRE JOB.

A VENTURE SADLY MARRIED BY A MOST UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF VEHICLE...

"IN HIS MORE AMBITIOUS MID-TWENTIES HE KIDNAPPED VICE-PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW, WITH LITTLE SUCCESS..."

YOU WANT **HOW MUCH** TO TAKE HIM BACK???

...EFFETE IMPUDENT QUMS- INTELLECTUAL SNOBS...

THEN SMORCH TURNED HIS "TALENTS" TO HI-JACKING... THE RESULTS WERE PREDICTABLE...

TAKE THIS PLANE TO MONTREAL!!!

WE'RE ALREADY GOING TO MONTREAL.

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THIS THAT HE JOINED OUR SCHOOL, BECOMING A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BRILLIANT DWARF SIVANA BROTHERS...

SADLY, NONE OF THEIR INNATE GENIUS RUBBED OFF ON HIM. WE TRIED EVERY TRICK WE KNEW IN A DOOMED ATTEMPT TO INSTILL HIM WITH THE NECESSARY CHARISMA

...EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF FITTING HIM OUT IN SINISTER LEATHER GLOVES AND A PET ARMADILLO. BUT TO NO AVAIL... THE MAN WAS A 24 CARAT TURKEY.

"A. BRILBURN SMORCH WAS HIS NAME... THE MOST INEPT SUPER VILLAIN IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY."

THE OLD ONE-TWO. MY BUDDIES! SAICKER

NO, VERNON! NOT ON THE AXMINSTER!!

IT WUZ THE INFO I'D BIN WAITIN' FOR... I MADE MY EXCUSES AN' LEFT!! SLITTERVEST. HUH? SMORCH... HMM... IT SEEMED I HAD IT ALL SEWN UP BUT SOMEHOW I FELT THAT IT WUZ ONLY JUST BEGINNING...

THE WORLD HAS NOT HEARD THE LAST OF A. BRILBURN SMORCH. YEEURGH!!

...A WASH OUT AS A CRIMINAL, SMORCH TURNED TO THE RELATED FIELD OF ROCK MANAGEMENT. THE LAST WE HEARD, HE WAS WITH A COMPANY KNOWN AS "SLITTERVEST"...

...THE PROSPECT WUZ LIKE ITALIAN FOOD...

IT MADE ME SICK...

AND SO, REGRETTABLY, WE HAD TO... ERR... "LET HIM GO..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

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ROSCOE MOSCOW

"IT DIDN'T FIGGER...
I HAD A HARD DAY IN
FRONT O' ME. CHECKIN'
OUT 'GLITTERVEST'
LTD. IT WUZ 300 AM
I SHOULDR BIN SLEEPIN'
LIKE A FRIGGIN BABY"

"BUT NO DICE EVERYTIME I DOZED
OFF I GOT DREAMS THAT WOULDRA
GIVEN DE QUINCY THE SHITS"

"DREAMS FILLA PROBLEMS"

"PROBLEMS LIKE

WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?

NIGHTY EVER



WIGGY? WIGGY
PULP? IZZAT YOU?



..SORRY, ROSCOE..
...I CAN'T
HELP YOU...



I'M
DEAD..



OH YEAH... I REMEMBER..
WIGGY'S DEAD... BUT
HOW DO I GET OUTTA
HERE WITHOUT HIM?

YOU DON'T!!

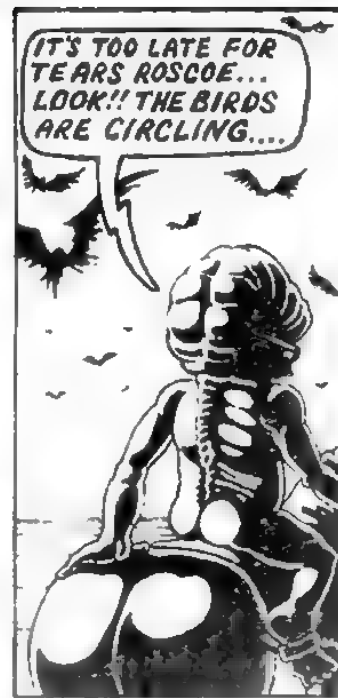


YOU'RE IN TOO DEEP,
ROSCOE!! YOU'RE
HOLDING THE BABY!!
YOU'RE STEPPING
IN QUICKSAND!!!

NEED A
HAND
ROSCOE??



HAND ??
QUICKSAND ??
AAAAAAGGH!!



IT'S TOO LATE FOR
TEARS ROSCOE...
LOOK!! THE BIRDS
ARE CIRCLING...



BIRDS??
YOU MEAN
VULTURES??

...NOT VULTURES,
ROSCOE...



KARK! KARK!
KAAAAARK!!

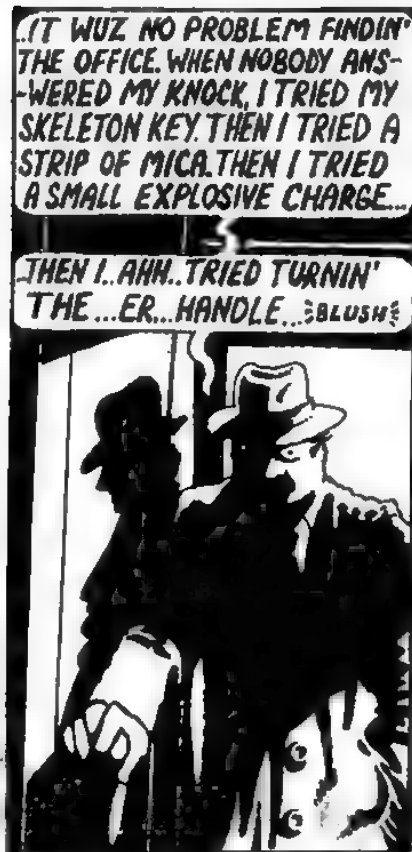
CROWS!!



MUMMEEEEE



I SQUEALED...
AHEM.



ROSCOE MOSCOW EPISODE 38: 'BETTER THAN ONE'.



"I HAD FOUND SOMETHIN' VERY FISHY AT THE OFFICES O' 'SLITTERVEST INC.' IN A LOCKER MARKED 'ULTIMATE PRODUCT.'"



"I RECOGNISED THE GUY ON THE LEFT AS POP SVENGALI MALCOLM MAGNESIA, AN' HIS BUDDY AS SHARP HIPPY WHIZ-KID RICHARD BRANE-STAWM...."



**OKAY, LARDASS!!...I SURE
HOPE YOUR RAT-FACED BOSS
IS PAYING YOU PLENTY FOR
THIS CAPER, BECAUSE YOU'RE
GOING TO HORRIBLY SUFFER!!!**



**HAW HAW HAW...YOU JUST
SPLIT AN INFINITIVE, YA
DUMMY!! HAW HAW HAW!!!**



SO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S ONLY LIKE SAYING "TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE..." INNIT??



ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT STAR TREK IS BAD GRAMMAR?

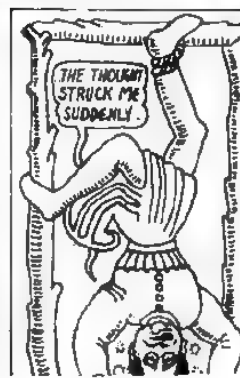
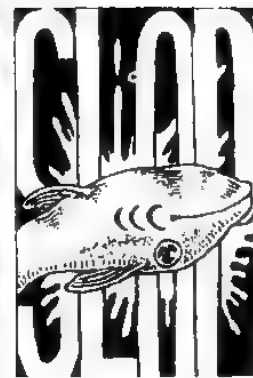
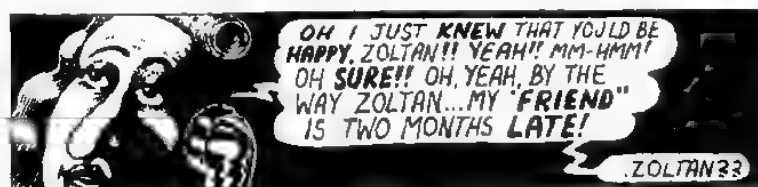
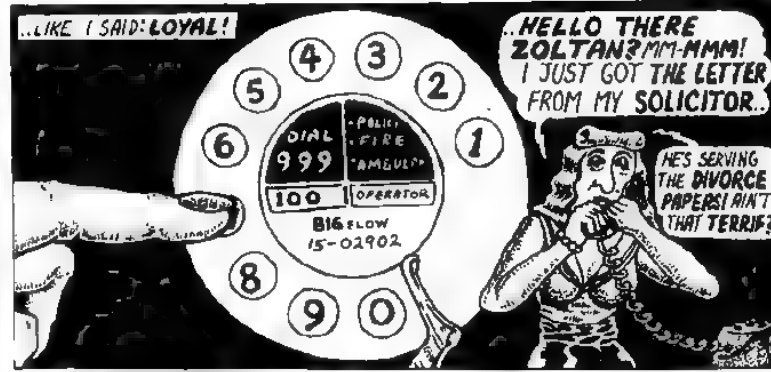


**YOUR NECK? YOUR NECK? YOU
PIECE OF SHIT! IT'S MY NECK!!**



"MY PLAN HAD WORKED!! UNNOTICED
I SLIPPED OUTTA THE DOOR..."





THIS SURE WUZ A DAMNED STUPID WAY TO DIE!

TO BE CONTINUED © 2005 VILE.

POSCOW MOSCOW

"MRS. MOSCOW'S DIARY!"

THIS
WEEK:

ROScoe MOSCOW,™ EPISODE 40 OF "WHO KILLED ROCK'N'ROLL?"



BLUBBLE
POOT GIK
WURRSH,
FLOOTY UG
SQUOOGLE!!
FRAB-FRAB
GLERK BAZOO
WIBBLE YOK
PHLUDGIT!!
VAGGH NA
GAH, FOOL
SPLIBBIT.*

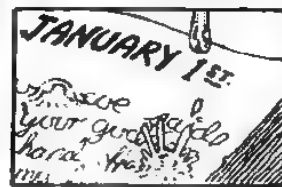
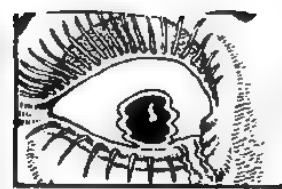
* TRANSLATION: "IT WUZ THE OLD
SWITCHEROO; FISH BATTERS MAN!!
I WUZ BEIN' BLUDGEONED WITH A
GUDGEON, AN' PRETTY SOON THERE
WUZ GONNA BE NOTHIN' LEFT BUT AN
OLD FEDORA, A BROKEN STOGIE.."



"AN' SOME MEMORIES!"
OH ROSCOE (SNUK)
SOB: SNIFF!



THIS IS ALL
YOUR
FAULT!!
SOB: SNIFF!



"WE USED TO BE
SO HAPPY, WELL,
NOT HAPPY AS
SUCH, BUT... AW,
I DUNNO. YOU
USED TO BE
SO DIFFERENT
SOMEHOW WHEN
WE FIRST MET"



"WELL MAYBE NOT SO DIFFERENT"
GOSH, MAXINE!!
HOW ON EARTH IS
SKY KING GONNA GET
OUTTA THIS ONE??



THEN WE GOT MARRIED...MAYBE IF
WED HAD SOME KIDS THINGS WOULD DA
TURNED OUT DIFFERENT. I KNOW YOU
ALLWAYS WANTED A SON



"BUT MY MOMMA DIDN'T
TAKE TO THE IDEA..."
MAXINE, HONEY, THAT
MAN JUST AN'T NORMAL!!
YA WANNA GIVE BIRTH TO
A CONGENIAL IDIOT OR SUPPIN'?



"MAYBE THAT WUZ WHY YOU STARTED TA DRINK!
I DIDN'T NOTICE AT FIRST, BUT WHEN YOU CAME
HOME SHITFACED THAT NIGHT AND URINATED ON
THE TELEVISION, I KNEW WE HAD A PROBLEM..."



"SO I HAD YA TAKEN
INTA "SUNNYVUE" TA
DRY OUT. I FIGGERED
THAT'D BE THE END OF IT."



"YOU WERE WIERDER SOBER THAN WHEN
YOU WUZ DRUNK! FIRST THERE WUZ THAT
AWFUL INCIDENT WHEN YA GOT SACKED
FROM THE CANNING FACTORY, AND THEN
YOU STARTED TALKIN TO YASELF DRESSIN
UP AN' GENERALLY "ACTIN' FUNNY"!!"



HI, JOE: NOW'S
THE WIFE AND
TWO KIDS??

ACTING SERIOUS.



"STEP ASIDE YA BOTO
OR I PERFORATE
YA FINSRIPES!"

ACTING "FUNNY"



"THEN NEXT THING
I KNOW, YOU'D GONE
TO GERMANY AN'
LEFT ME ALONE"

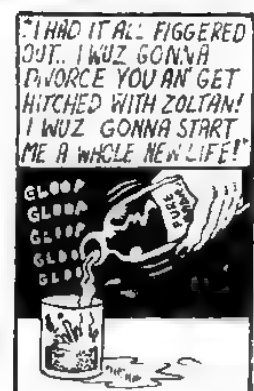
"IT WUZ HELL,
ROSCOE! I HAD NO
ONE TO TURN TO.
TILL I MET ZOLTAN"



"ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE: HE WUZ ONLY A HYDRO-
CEPHALIC DWARF, BUT HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE
A WOMAN AGAIN..."



OH ZOLTAN, MY LOTHARIO!!
IMAGINE! FEEDING ME WITH
EXOTIC CONFECTIONS WHILE YOU SUCK
MY INSTEP!! HOW ROMANTIC!



"I HAD IT ALL FIGGERED
OUT. I WUZ GONNA
DIVORCE YOU AN' GET
HITCHED WITH ZOLTAN!
I WUZ GONNA START
ME A WHOLE NEW LIFE!"



GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP



THAT'S WHEN I
FOUND OUT THAT
I WUZ PREGNANT



"THAT'S WHEN HE
STOPPED ANSWERIN' THE
GODDAMN PHONE!!"



"OH ROSCOE!! EVERY
THINGS SUCH A
MESS!! WHATTAMI GONNA
DOOO-HOO-HOO-HOO"



TURN OFF THA WATER-
WORKS, CHICKEE!! I'LL
TAKE CARE OF YA!!



WH. WHO...??



DONT WORRY! THA WOIST
IS OVER!! IN FACT, GIRLIE,
FROM HERE ONWARDS..

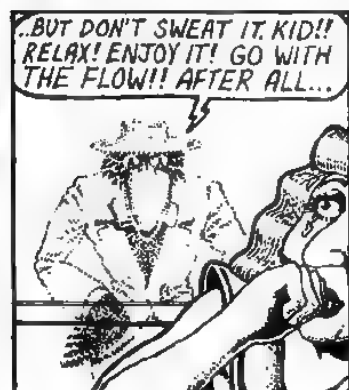


oh my god

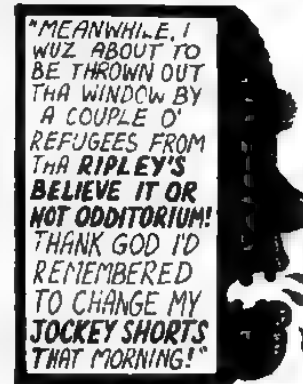


"IT'S GONNA BE
DOWNHILL ALL
THE WAY!!!"

TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 by CURT VILE



* TRANSLATION:
"I CAN'T...YOU'VE
KNOCKED ALL
MY TEETH OUT!
... I SLOBERED."



CHAPTER 42

THE HUMAN butter mountain known as "The Heap" gripped my tortured torso like an anaconda with an emotional problem. He wuz nowhere near as big as the planet Jupiter, but I wuz too weak to

Meanwhile, his boss — a two-headed turkey with stereo halitosis — began to spiel out a life story that Linda Lovelace woulda bin hard pressed to swallow. Me, I just wondered where he got his shirts from...

"It all began," he whined, "with the Swarfega Brother's travelling circus."



"IT WAS during my tenure as a side show attraction there that I first met 'The Heap', a pathetic and unlovable creature who compensated for his mother's lack of affection by eating sacks full of Polyfills."

"It was a grim life, gawped at and tormented by the jeering rubes. All that kept me sane was my love for the Gluck Sisters, an unusual pair of Siamese twins joined at the waist. Lousy conversationalists, but legs that Betty Grable woulda given her arms for!"

"BUT EVEN this tiny sliver of happiness was snatched cruelly from my grasp! The Gluck Sisters left the circus for a job modelling pantyhose and I was heartbroken. I had to bang my heads together to get to sleep at night."

"Despair beckoned! I was a middle-aged man with two heads and no 'O' Levels. Then, into my life walked the creature called Johnny Ratso! He was no ordinary Coypu-faced curiosity... he was AN ORIGINAL!!!"



"FREAKS"



"JOHNNY and his best friend, Sid Viscous ('The Human Running Sore') became an overnight sensation! Of the audiences who witnessed their stomach-churning saps tick not a man nor bowel remained unmoved."

"Another new act was Major Retardo. ('World's Most Stupid Sentent Beng.') Each night this plucky pinhead perplexed the crowds by forgetting his name, how to stand up, and where his ears were."

"As a finale he would challenge a tin of Kennomeat to a game of chess and lose..."

"AN IDEA began to congeal deep within my brains... an idea that would enable us to wash our hands of the Swarfega Brothers and their ilk..."

"I would take this quartet of evolutionary toilet jokes and transform them into THE GREATEST ROCK BAND IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!"

"Oh, there were problems at first... The Heap kept eating his guitars, Retardo would sometimes forget to keep breathing and have to be rushed to hospital... but in the end, by God, we were READY!! The STICK PIMPLES burst upon an unsuspecting world!!"



ROCK MOSOW



..IT WUZ HALF MAN, HALF DOUBLE-SCOOP ICE-CREAM CONE, AN' IT WUZ BENDIN' MY EAR WITH THE BARF-BAG BIO OF **THE SICK PIMPLES**. A CREEPY CREW O' CREASED-CHROMOSOME CRAZIES!!!

..AN' THAT WUZ JUST FER AN **APPETIZER!** THE MAIN COURSE WUZ WHERE I GOT MY FRACTURED FRAME FLUNG OUTTA THE FOURTH FLOOR WINDOW! **DESSERT** WUZ SERVED COLD... AS IN **MORGUE!!**

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"
..WHICH REMINDS ME...HOW'S YA MOM, ED??
43: RATRACE!

THE RISE OF THE **SICK PIMPLES** IS LEGENDARY...THE CONTROVERSY, THE HITS!! LIKE A 9" TURD IN THE "S"-BEND OF THE COLLECTIVE CONCIUSNESS THEY WOULD NOT GO AWAY!!!

WERE SO PRETTY U-UG-LEE!



UNTIL, THAT IS, A **BRILBURN SMORCH** (WORLD'S MOST INEPT SUPER-VILLAIN) TOOK OVER AS THE BAND'S **CAREER DIRECTION CONSULTANT**



THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG... **JOHNNY RATSO** QUIT TO FORM **P.I.L.** (OR **'PROTIEN INCITES LUST'**) WHO ACHIEVED CRITICAL ACCLAIM WITH THEIR QUAINLY PACKAGED **"BARBED WIRE VASE"** ALBUM...



..ANOTHER SETBACK FOR THE **PIMPLES** WAS THE POINTLESS DEATH OF DRUMMER **RETARDO** CAUSED BY THE SUBNORMAL SKINSMAN PISSING INTO A LIGHT SOCKET!



DESPERATE, **SMORCH** ATTEMPTED TO BOLSTER THE **PIMPLES** FLAGGING NOTORIETY BY ARRANGING GUEST SPOTS FEATURING FAMOUS CRIMINALS SUCH AS **HIPPY HACK** ARTISTE "CHEERFUL" **CHARLIE MANSON**...



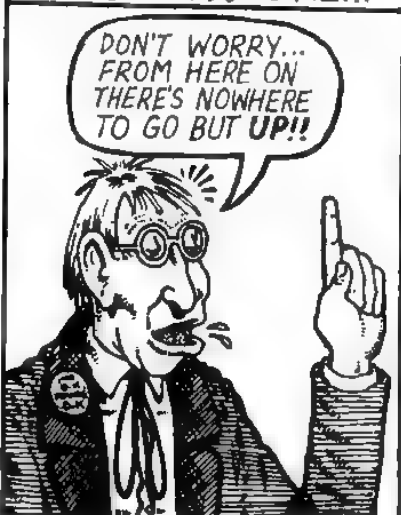
BIGGER DISASTERS WERE TO FOLLOW. **SID VISCIOUS** HAD ALWAYS HAD A PROBLEM WITH **JUNK FOOD**. ONE NIGHT, AT A PARTY, SOMEONE GAVE HIM A **HOSTESS TWINKIE**...



..LUCKILY, WE WERE ABLE TO SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THE MESS THAT **SMORCH** HAD MADE. WE RELEASED THE **ULTIMATE SID VISCIOUS** SOUVENIR TO A GRATEFUL PUBLIC...



..NATURALLY, WE FIRED **SMORCH** WHO BY NOW HAD GROWN RESIGNED TO PERPETUAL FAILIURE. I REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME...



..AND THEN, A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER, WE HEARD HED DEVELOPED **CANCER**...



WHADDHE SAY??
I THINK HE SAID "YOU CAN BREAK MY BODY, BUT YOU CAN NEVER BREAK MY SPIRIT!!"
OH. NICE FOR HIM.



..THEY COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT HED ALLREADY HAD TWO BIG MACS AND A **CHOCOLATE YOO-HOO!!**

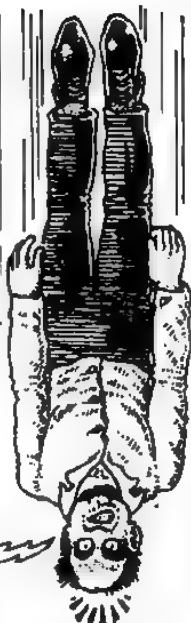
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ROSCOE IN MOSCOW

"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

IT WUZ A TOTAL
PANCAKE...EVERY-
BODY FROM KING
KONG DOWN WUZ
SCARED O' HEIGHTS!!
REE-FUGGIN-DICULOUS!
AFTER ALL...

..IT'S GROUND THAT
KILLS YA, BUDDY!!



EPISODE 44:

"WITHOUT A
PADDLE!"

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

HEY..THEY GOT A
"STRANGE BUT TRUE"
COMPETITION INNA PAPER:
"SEND IN YOUR OWN
STRANGE BUT TRUE
ANECDOTES...\$25 FOR EACH
ONE PUBLISHED!"

..I ONCE HAD
AN AUNT WHO
COULD TALK
TO GOLDFISH..



..THAT'S RILLY
UNBELIEVABLE...

..NOT REALLY..
THEY NEVER
USED TO
ANSWER HER..



YKNOW, I BIN A SEWER-
GATOR FOR NIGH ON TEN
YEARS, AN' WE NEVER HAD
IT SO GOOD...EVERY TIME
THERE'S A BIG DOPE BUST
WE GET POUNDS O' FIRST-
RATE HASH FLUSHED
DOWN THE JOHN...

..AN' LOTSA HOT
POLAROID SNAPS,
EH, MIZTAN 'GATOR?

E PANTS



YUP..WHAT COULD BE
MORE CIVILIZED
THAN A FEW STIFF
J's AN' THEN "OFF
THA WRIST"...

HUH??

GOLLY!!

SPLOO!



GHAAA!! SHIT!!

I'M COVERED IN SHIT!!

SHIT! GHAA!

GWOOK!

BLEURGH!



SIGH!

..THERE GOES
THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

GIBBER!!

SHRIEK!!

SHIT!!

TSK!

OOOOGHH!

SHIT!!

MORE
SCATOLOGICAL
SNIGGERS
NEXT WEEK!

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**ROSCOE MOSCOW IN
"WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?"
EPISODE 45: TURDSVILLE**

GANGWAY!! I'M COVERED IN SHIT! I'M MENTALLY ILL! SHIT! AAAAUGH!

I REALLY FEEL DREADFUL!

SHIT!!

I DON'T DESERVE THIS GOD!! I AIN'T A BAD PERSON!! APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEPTIVE!!

SHIT!

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

HEY, FATSO!! BEAT IT!! I'M THE OFFICIAL "SEWER-MANIAC" FOR THIS SECTOR! G'WAN..SCRAM! FIND YER OWN STRETCH O' SEWER!!

WHUH??

SEWER MANIAC?? I AIN'T NO SEWER MANIAC!! I'M AN INDIVIDUAL WHO'S DESPERATELY IN NEED OF SPIRITUAL HELP!

WHADDAYA THINK THIS IS, BRIGHT EYES? CHOCOLATE SAUCE??

G'WAN..TAKE A POWDER!! YOU AIN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A SEWER MANIAC!!

I'M COVERED IN SHIT...

OH NO? WELL, WHAT'S SO FUGGIN' GREAT ABOUT BEING A SEWER MANIAC?

TO BE A SEWER MANIAC YA GOTTA HAVE A FIRST RATE PSYCHOTIC DELUSION...

AND YA ALSO GOTTA LIVE DOWN A SEWER!

NOW ME, FOR EXAMPLE, I BELIEVE THAT THERE'S A GIGANTIC ALIEN SPACE MONSTER LIVIN' IN THA SEWERS, TENDED BY HYPNOTIZED HUMAN SLAVES...

..WHILE OLD COWCZWOWSKI, THE SEWER MANIAC A COUPLE O' BLOCKS EAST.. HE BELIEVES HIS FOOT IS GROWING EYES AN' TEETH AN' STARTIN' TO EAT HIS LEGS! HA HA!

HEH HEH! HE'S CRAZY!

HEE HEE!

..UHH.. I SEE... BUT WHAT'S WITH THE SEWER BIT? WOULDN'TCHA BE BETTER OFF ABOVE GROUND??

NAH!! DOWN HERE WE'RE ONLY UP TO OUR WAISTS IN SHIT..

**DAILY MERKIN
RUSSIA INVADES
EAST GERMANY
"WHOOPS" SAYS
BREZHNEV**

..UH..YEAH...YA GOTTA POINT, I GUESS...

..AHH.. SAY, LISTEN... I GOT THIS DELUSION ABOUT A GIANT CROW WEARIN' A ZOOT-SUIT..

..SOUNDS PROMISING...

ROSCOE MOSCOW

IN EPISODE 26 OF
WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?
TARZAN OF THE RATS!



"NORMALLY, THEY WOULD'VE TORN ME TO SHREDS, BUT I GOT LUCKY. IT SO HAPPENED THAT ONE OF THE SHE-RATS HAD JUST LOST HER YOUNGSTER TO A 'GATOR, SO SHE ADOPTED ME...TOOK CARE OF ME LIKE I WUZ HER OWN BABY!!"



"I SOON LEARNED ALL THE SKILLS AND FIGHTING PROWESS OF A REAL RAT! I COULD GNAW MY WAY THROUGH THREE THICKNESSES O' HARBORD AN RUN UP YA TROUSERLEG IF I WUZ CORNERED..."

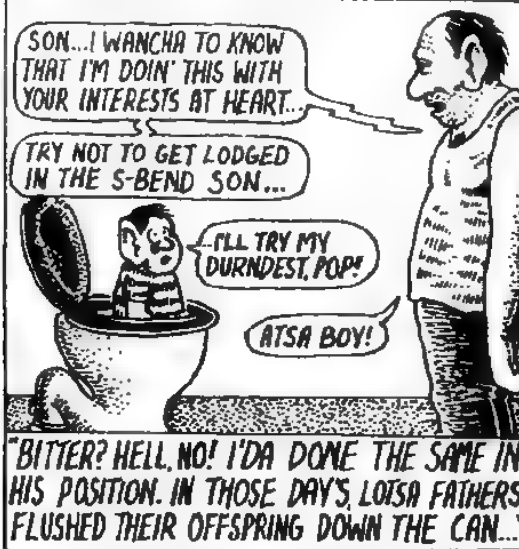
HAAH!! JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! YOU THINK BEIN' A SEWER MANIAC IS ONE LONG PARTY!! SO OKAY.. IT'S A JOB WITH GLAMOUR, LOTSA PRESTIGE, GOOD HOURS, AN' ALL THE RATS YOU CAN EAT, BUT ONLY ONE IN A MILLION MAKE THE GRADE.



"COURSE, MOMMA SOON PASSED AWAY. AN' I WUZ ON MY OWN AGAIN. BUT I REMEMBERED ALL SHE'D TAUGHT ME! TO THIS DAY, I CAN STILL TERRIFY MY ENEMIES BY CUTTING LOOSE WITH THE FULL-THROATED ROAR OF THE BULL RAT...



"I WUZ BORN IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD, ONE OF A FAMILY O' NINE! POP DIDN'T HAVE NO JOB, AN' I GUESS THA THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED WUZ TOO MUCH!! I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME..."



NATURALLY, THIS WAS BEFORE I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GIANT TENTACLED SPACE-MONSTER THAT LIVES IN THE SEWERS... IT'S TRAGICALLY IRONIC, AIN'T IT? ME, AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY... THE ONLY PERSON STANDING BETWEEN MANKIND AND AN INVASION O' THINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD...



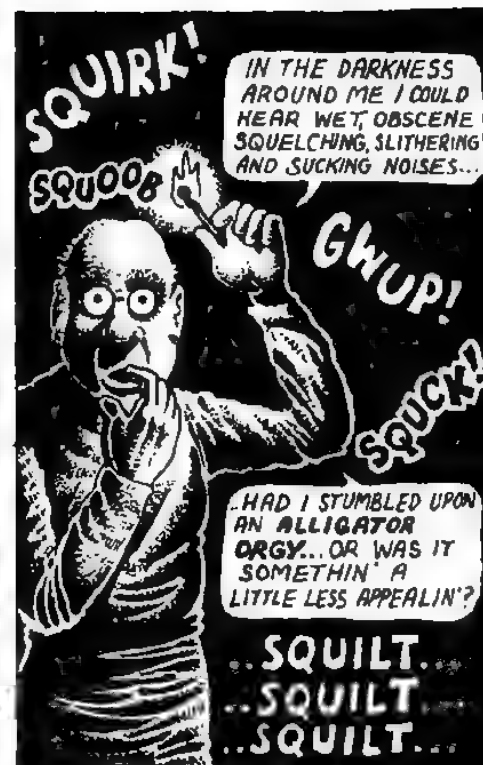
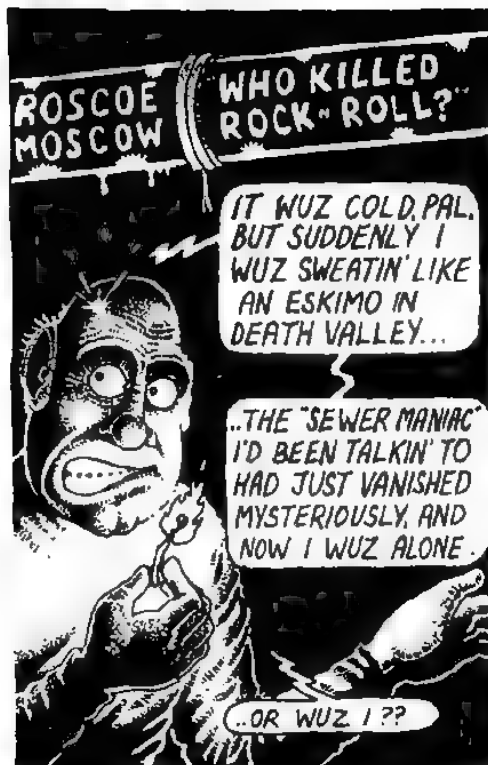
"I REMEMBER THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CISTERN REFILLING.. THEN THERE WUZ ONLY DARKNESS AND THE RUSHING TORRENTS OF WATER!! HOW I SURVIVED... ME, A KID BARELY OUTTA DIAPERS.. I'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT SOMEHOW I DID..."



HAW HAW HAW! THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE MOST RIDICULOUS STORY I EVER HEARD! NO WONDER YER OLD MAN STUFFED YA DOWN THE CRAPPER!! **HAW HAW HAW!!**



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**ROSCOE MOSCOW IN:
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
EPISODE 47: "MEANWHILES!"**

IN WHICH MAXINE CONFIDES
IN A CHUM OVER TEA
AND CREAMCAKES...

GEE, CHERYL, YOU WERE RIGHT!
THIS NEW HAIR-DO HAS MADE
ME FORGET ALL ABOUT MY
DESERPTION, PREGNANCY, AND
IMPENDING MENTAL BREAKDOWN!



BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU
DECIDED WHAT TO DO
WITH YOURSELF YET??



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
I CAN DO... I GOTTA FIND
ROSCOE, TELL HIM EVERY
THING AND HOPE HE'LL
TAKE ME BACK...

HE MAY BE FAT, STUPID,
UGLY, THOROUGHLY UN-
LIKEABLE AND PRONE TO
PREMATURE EJACULATION,
BUT HE'S STILL MY HUSBAND!

ATTN GIRL!!



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WHERE
DO I START LOOKING? I
GUESS HE'S BACK IN THIS
COUNTRY BY NOW, BUT
WHERE? HOW DO I FIND HIM?



HMM. IT'S A STICKY
PROBLEM ALRIGHT...

MAYBE YOU COULD
HIRE YOURSELF A
PRIVATE DETECTIVE...



FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE, MAXINE...
IT WAS MEANT
TO BE A JOKE!!



THE NOIVE



MEANWHILE...

WELL, ZOLTAN, YOU OLD DEVIL...
YOU CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE
DONE A GOOD JOB SHAKING THAT
MOSCOW BROAD OFF YOUR TAIL...

HMM. BUT WHAT IF HER HUS-
BAND RETURNS AND STARTS
SLINGING ACCUSATIONS? THAT
COULD QUEER ME WITH THE A.M.A!

PROBLEMS. NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS!!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



THE DOOR? DAMMIT,
WHO COULD THAT BE?

VICTOR? ROTWANG? WH-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE??

Z. VON ZYGOTE M.D.

OH, Y'KNOW, ZOLTAN...
WE JUST THOUGHT
WE'D DROP BY...
HELP YOU OUT IN
THESE DIFFICULT
TIMES! NEE NEE NEE!



AFTER ALL, ZOLTAN, WHAT
ARE BROTHERS FOR??
NYAH HAH HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, AMBROSE, MY SCALY
SERVANT. IT SEEMS THE GAME
IS IN IT'S FINAL MOVES!!
AND THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT
HAVE POSED A THREAT TO OUR
SCHEMES IS QUITE LITERALLY
IN THE SHIT! IRONIC, EH?

I SAID "IRONIC, EH?"

OH, GO AND MAKE ME A
CUP OF COCOA, YOU DAF!!



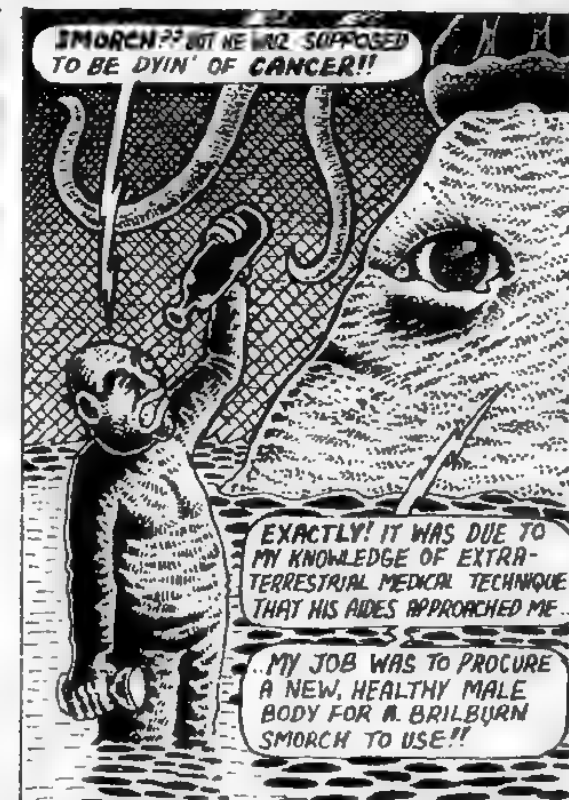
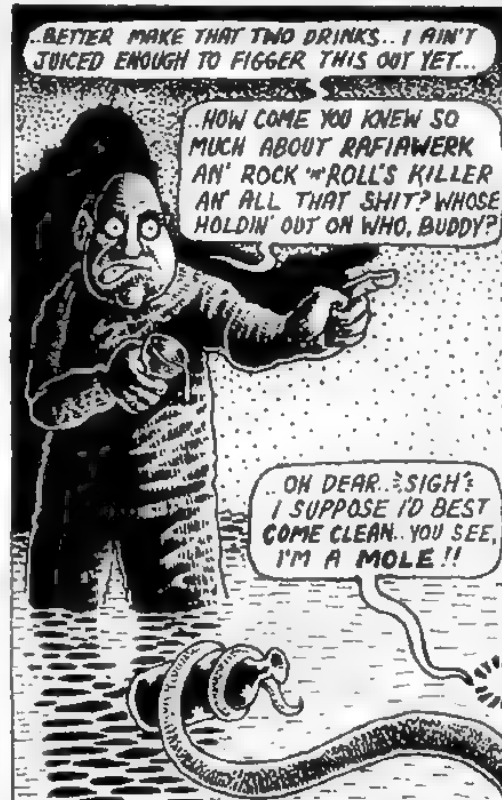
MEANWHILE...

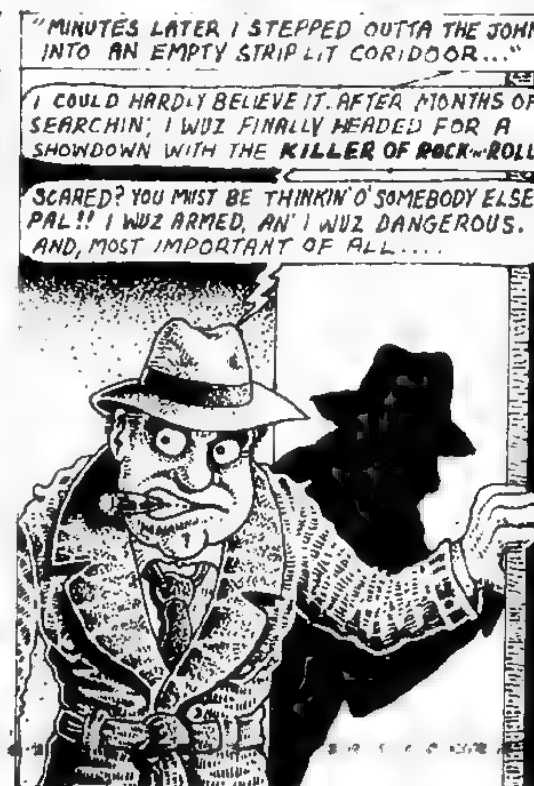
MR. MOSCOW! HOW NICE OF
YOU TO DROP IN! SORRY
THE PLACE IS IN SUCH A
FRIGHTFUL MESS... PULL UP
A STOOL AND SIT DOWN!

A STOOL? IS THIS
GUY TELLING ME
TOILET JOKE??



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE





I CREEPT STEALTHILY
THROUGH THE MAZE O'
CORIDDOORS...I HAD A
DATE WITH A KILLER!



FINALLY I REACHED A
MASSIVE DOORWAY. VOICES
CAME FROM BEHIND IT..
I PAUSED. WAS I FULLY
PREPARED FOR THIS??



SURE I WUZ! I HAD
MY HEATER, I HAD
MY STEEL-TRAP MIND
AND MY SENSE OF
FAIR PLAY! WHAT ELSE
DID A GUY NEED??



OKAY, YA TURDS!
I'M COMIN' IN!!!

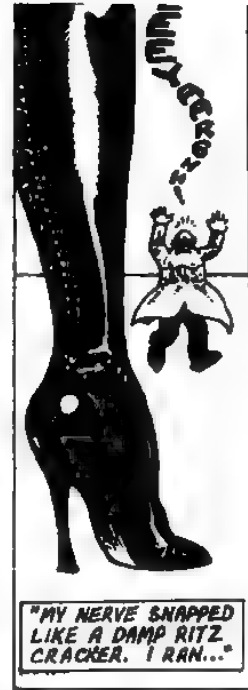
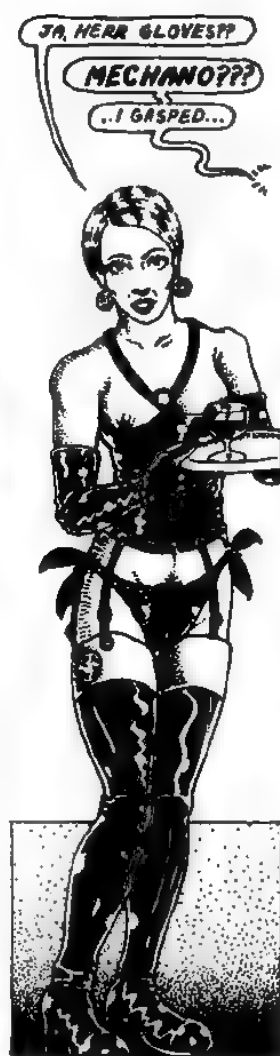


UHH ROLL THE
CREDITS, CURT...

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN:
'WHO KILLED ROCK-'ROLL'
EPISODE 51:
'IT'S MY PARTY...'

**"TUPENNY
RUSH!"**

EPISODE
FIFTY
TWO



TO BE CONTINUED... 6:10 BY CURT "THE ENFORCER" VILE.

I ALMOST HAD IT FIGGERED OUT! BY MEANS O' SOME KINDA CONSPIRACY THE HEADS OF ALL NATIONS HAD PULLED TOGETHER TO GREASE ROCK 'N' ROLL! BUT HOW? AND WHY? HOW DID A BAILBURN SMORCH TIE IN WITH THIS? OR THE SIYAMA BROS? WHADDABOUT THE ARMADILLO? HOW DO I MANAGE TO TALK WITH MY TEETH CLENCHED TOGETHER? WHO PUT THE RAM IN THE RAMA-LAMA-DING-DO???



METRO-GOLDWYN-GLOVES PROUDLY PRESENTS
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
STARRING: ROSCOE MOSCOW
EPISODE FIFTY-THREE:
WORKING FOR THE CLAMPDOWN!!
SCREENPLAY BY CURT VILE © 1980



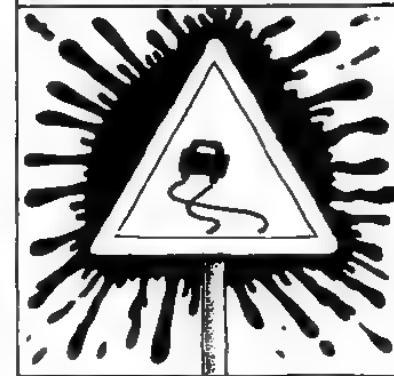
INT. THE SINISTER GLOVES HERE, TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE KILLING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!! THE PROJECT WAS UNDERWAY LONG BEFORE I BECAME INVOLVED....



"IN FACT, IT STARTED AS FAR BACK AS FEBRUARY 2nd 1959 HERE WE SEE TWO EMPLOYEES OF WHAT WAS THEN CALLED "THE STAMP OUT COON JUNGLE RYTHMS CAMPAIGN" ATTACHING A BOMB TO A CERTAIN PLANE AT MASON CITY AIRPORT, BOUND FOR FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA...."



"...59 AND '60 WERE VINTAGE YEARS. WE GOT BILLIE HOLIDAY IN JUNE '59 WITH A HOT SHOT. THE NEXT YEAR, IN APRIL, EDDIE COCHRAN HAD AN UNFORTUNATE MOTORING "ACCIDENT"... SADLY, GENE VINCENT GOT OUT ALIVE... FOR A WHILE!!"



"OUR AIM WAS TO DEMORALISE THE REBELLIOUS FORCES OF YOUTH. WE SOON DISCOVERED IT WAS EASIER TO BUY ROCKSTARS THAN ELIMINATE THEM. AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD BE MORE DISCOURAGING THAN THE SIGHT OF A ONCE-RESPECTED FIGUREHEAD OF THE REVOLUTION, CORRUPTED BY WEALTH AND FAME?"



"THE FEW WHO RESISTED BOTH TEMPTATION AND THREATS WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF CIRCUMSTANCE. MANY WERE FORCED INTO SELF-IMPOSED EXILE WHERE THEY WOULD LIVE OUT THEIR DAYS QUIETLY AND INEFFECTUALLY."



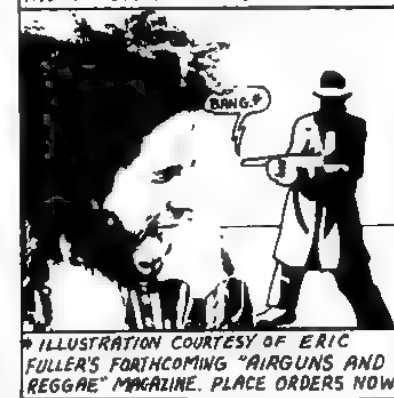
"INSANITY OFTEN PROVED A USEFUL TOOL. HERE WE SEE A LEADING "PSYCHE-DELIC VISIONARY" OF THE MID-SIXTIES BEING GIVEN A SUBSTANCE HE BELIEVED TO BE L.S.D... IT WAS IN FACT ENTROPINE, AN EXPERIMENTAL HALLUCINOGEN THAT CAUSES "BUMMERS" OF FIFTEEN YEARS DURATION. HE WAS NO MORE TROUBLE..."



"THE MURDER AND REPLACEMENT OF PAUL MC CARTNEY WAS OUR FINEST DOUBLE BLUFF!! BY LEAVING BLATANT CLUES EVERYWHERE WE MADE IT APPEAR AS IF THE WHOLE THING WERE A PIECE OF FANCIFUL PARANOIA, BELIEVED ONLY BY THE CREDULOUS AND THE TERMINALLY DEMENTED...."



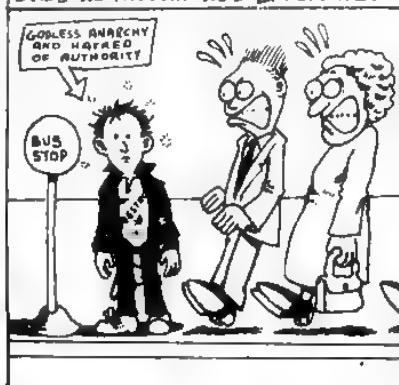
"SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, WE COULD AFFORD TO BE OPEN IN OUR MURDER ATTEMPTS. IN JAMAICA, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS EASY TO USE EXISTING POLITICAL TENSION TO EXPLAIN AWAY OUR ACTIVITIES..."



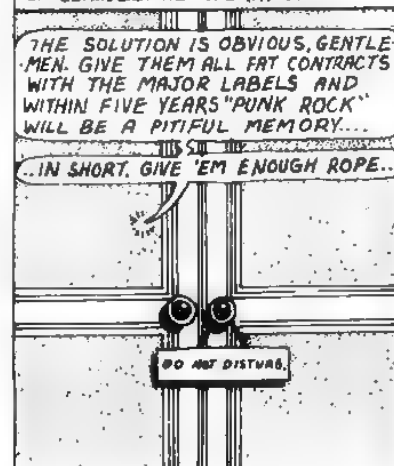
"AS TIME WENT ON, OUR METHODS BECAME MORE AND MORE SOPHISTICATED... THE ELECTRIFIED BATHTUB (PARIS '71)... THE SODIUM MORPHATE-LACED CHEESEBURGER (MEMPHIS '77) OR, IN THE CASE OF JIMI HENDRIX, AN INGENIOUS SLOW POISON, COATING HIS GUITAR STRINGS..."



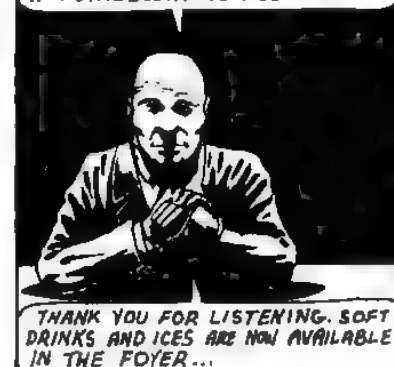
"IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, HOWEVER WE BEGAN TO HAVE TROUBLE!! FOR SOME REASON, YOUTH FOUGHT BACK!! THERE WAS A MASSIVE RESURGENCE OF GODLESS ANARCHY, HATRED OF AUTHORITY AND ALL THE OTHER EVILS WE THOUGHT WE'D ERADICATED..."



"IT WAS THEN THAT I, THE SINISTER GLOVES TOOK OVER AS DIRECTOR OF CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS..."



"NATURALLY, THERE ARE STILL ONE OR TWO "RUGGED IDEALISTS WHO CONTINUE TO POSE PROBLEMS FOR US... BUT WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!! WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE!! ROCK AND ROLL IS COUGHING BLOOD... BY THE MID 1980'S IT WILL BE A PUTRESCENT CORPSE!!"



"MY MIND WUZ REELIN'!! NOW I KNEW NOW ROCK 'N' ROLL HAD BIN OFFED, BUT NOT WHY! WHAT WUZ THE -MOTIVE? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WORTH OVER THIRTY YEARS OF INTRICATE PLOTTIN' AN' INTRIGUE?? I MEAN, LEAVE US FACE IT, BUDDY..."



...IT MADE PARANOIDS LOOK LIKE COCK-
EYED OPTIMISTS! THE COMBINED
GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD HAD
COMBINED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP
OF THE SINISTER GLOVES TO WIPE
OUT ROCK 'N' ROLL. THE ONLY QUESTION
REMAINING WAS... WHUFOH??

...WHICH REMINDS ME...

...HOW'S YA MOM, ED???



*NO OFFENCE IS INTENDED TO ANY
READER WHO MAY ACTUALLY BE
SUFFERING FROM THIS UNPLEASANT
OPTICAL DEFECT. —THE AUTHOR.

ADDED TO THIS, THE POLICE FORCE,
WORKING IN COLLABORATION WITH
EXTREME RIGHT WING GROUPS,
HAVE SLOWLY BROUGHT RACIAL
TENSIONS TO A FEVER-PITCH.



QUIET SORT OF NIGHT,
EH, GEORGE?

THE REASON WHY SHOULD BE
OBVIOUS, MR MOSCOW... PERHAPS IT
IS BEST EXPLAINED IN CONTEXT
OF OUR OTHER OPERATIONS. THOSE
CURRENTLY UNDERWAY IN GREAT
BRITAIN, FOR EXAMPLE



"MEANWHILE, SKILLFULL USE OF THE
MEDIA HAS MADE THE RELEASE OF
SEXUAL RELATIONS INTO AN AREA
FRAUGHT WITH SHAME, GUILT AND
FEAR OF INADEQUACY..."



NOW, TIMMY AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE CAUGHT YOU BEFORE YOU
WENT COMPLETELY BLIND??

"SOBS. I DIDN'T MEAN TO TOUCH
IT! WILL I GET C-CANCER??

LETS HOPE MR. TIMMY

"OTHER HUMAN RELEASES, SUCH AS THE
USE OF ALCOHOL OR DRUGS, HAVE
GRADUALLY BEEN LIFTED OUT OF THE
FINANCIAL REACH OF THE MAJORITY..."

"OVER THE YEARS, WE HAVE SLOWLY
TIGHTENED THE SCREWS ON THE
PEOPLE OF BRITAIN... LIKE THE
ARTIFICIAL ECONOMIC CRISIS AND
CRIPPLING INFLATION WHICH HAS
RENDERED MANY OF THEM DESTITUTE..."



THE ONLY OTHER FORM OF ESCAPE
FROM MISERY AND TEDIUM WHICH
THE HAPLESS TURDS HAVE RECOURSE
TO IS ROCK 'N' ROLL... AND NOW,
ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD!!



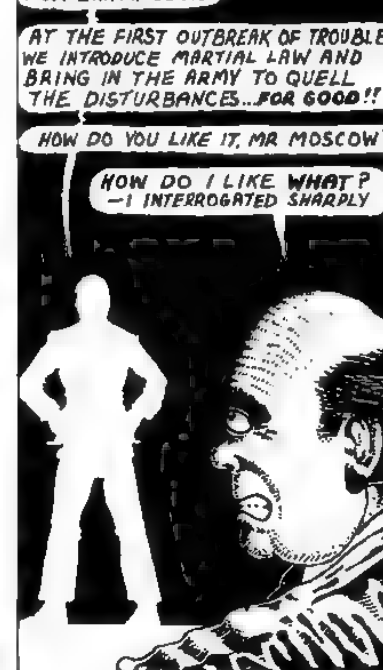
BUT THAT'S CRAZY" EVEN-
TUALY THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE
HAD ENOUGH... YOU'LL HAVE A
REVOLUTION ON YER HANDS!
AND THEN WHAT??

"...WHILE THE UNEMPLOYMENT
PROGRAMME HAS THROWN MILLIONS
UPON THE MERCY OF THE SOCIAL
SECURITY SYSTEM, WHOSE PRIME
FUNCTION IS TO FURTHER DEGRADE
AND HUMILIATE THE POOR BASTARDS



I'M SORRY BUT BEFORE YOU ARE
ELIGIBLE FOR RELIEF APPLICATION
FORM RD-475B YOU MUST SING
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BACKWARDS
WITH A MOUTH FULL OF STALE
CIGARETTE BUTTS. NEXT!!

WE WANT A REVOLUTION, MR. MOSCOW.
THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN TRAINING
TROOPS IN AREAS WHICH CLOSELY
RESEMBLE URBAN HOME TERRITORY.
AREAS LIKE NORTHERN IRELAND,
FOR EXAMPLE...



AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF TROUBLE
WE INTRODUCE MARTIAL LAW AND
BRING IN THE ARMY TO QUELL
THE DISTURBANCES... FOR GOOD!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MR MOSCOW?

HOW DO I LIKE WHAT?
—I INTERROGATED SHARPLY

"NATURALLY, ANOTHER FUNCTION OF
MASS UNEMPLOYMENT IS TO FORCE
THE TRADE UNIONS INTO MILITANT
STRIKE ACTION, WHICH SERVES TO
INCREASE THE MISERY OF THE MASSES



IT'S SO DARK AND COLD.
IF ONLY THE POWER-WORKERS
WEREN'T ON STRIKE..

THE POWER WORKERS?

THANK CHRIST FOR
THAT!! I THOUGHT
IT WAS THE SUN!!

WHY.. THE IDEA OF A WORLD-
WIDE POLICE STATE BY THE
MID NINETEEN EIGHTIES, OF COURSE!!



TO BE CONTINUED.. ©'80 CURT VILE. (THE PRESENT POS.)

ROSCOE MOSCOW

INSIGHTFUL COMMENTS ON
THE HUMAN CONDITION:
NUMBER 1:

"WATER? DO I NEED IT?
I'VE HAD TO SHOOT MY
HORSE!"

-CLARK GABLE.

EPISODE
55:

"THE
SELLING OF
ROSCOE
MOSCOW!"

"WUZ KILLED ROSCOE MOSCOW!"

A WORLDWIDE POLICE STATE BY
1985!! THE IDEA WUZ ONLY SLIGHTLY
MORE UPSETTIN' THAN A LARGE
TARANTULA IN THA BIDET...

WHAT I COULDN'T FIGGER WUZ HOW
SMORCH HAD MANAGED IT! I MEAN, AS
A MASTER CRIMINAL HE MADE A
PEACHY HATSTAND! WHAT GAVE?



"IT WUZ A PROBLEM...IT TURNED OVER IN
MY MIND LIKE A HERNIA BELT IN A
TUMBLE DRYER. SUDDENLY, SMORCH BEGAN
MAKIN' MOUTH MUSIC..."

HOW TRAGIC THAT WE SHOULD BE ENEMIES,
MR. MOSCOW, WHEN IN HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MIGHT HAVE MET AS FRIENDS...
SHARED A SIX-PACK TOGETHER WHILE
WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES...LOANED EACH
OTHER POWER-MOWERS...BUT ALAS, FATE
IS CRUEL! THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US...



"THIS WUZ A NEW TWIST! MY EYES
NARROWED TO RAZOR SLITS..."

"THAT AN' A DIME WILL BUY ME A
CUPPA COFFEE, BUDDY BOY!"
I GROWLED. "WHATTAYA TRYIN'
TO SUGGEST??"

A JOB, ROSCOE.

FOR YOU.

WITH ME!!



GRASP!!

I GASPED.

CONSIDER IT...ARE WE TRULY
THAT DIFFERENT? MEN LIKE
US KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR
THE WORLD...MEN LIKE US
KNOW WHO THE REAL
ENEMY IS...



..THE DRAFT CARD BURNING NANCY-BOYS! THE
AFRO-SPORTING DARKIES SELLING REEFERS!
TO OUR SONS AND JAZZING OUR DAUGHTERS!
SLICK KIKE LAWYERS PLEADING "BROKEN
HOME" FOR EVERY PIMPLY-FACED MOTOR-
CYCLE HOODLUM WHO EVER SWIPED A
HUBCAP!!

GODDAMMIT, THAT'S RIGHT! AND DON'T
FERGET THE PUERTO RICANS...THEY
COOK THEIR GARBAGE, YOU KNOW THAT?
AN' PUSHY WIMMENS LIBBER TYPES
WITH ALL THIS CLITORIS JUNK AN'
YEAST INFECTIONS AN' ALL THAT
SHIT! TURNS YA STUMICK!!



WELL SAID, MR. MOSCOW..WERE
ON THE SAME SIDE AFTER ALL!!
A MAN LIKE YOU DIDN'T FIGHT
IN WORLD WAR II SO SOME
JERK-OFF SOCIOLOGY STUDENT
COULD HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
PISS ON THE FLAG!!

DAMN RIGHT, I DIDN'T
PAL!! DAMN RIGHT!!



..AND WHAT SORT OF JOB DOES THE WORLD
OFFER A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS? A POSITION
IN A CANNING FACTORY? PSHAW!!

AND THEN THERE'S WOMEN...BE FRANK, MR.
MOSCOW...WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID
OF YOUR RAMPANT MALENESS! YOUR SEXUALITY!

UH-YEAH. YEAH!! THAT MUST BE WHY
THEY'RE ALLUS LAUGHIN' AT ME...
THEY JUST DUNNO HOW TA HANDLE
A REAL, RED-BLOODED MAN!!



WHEREAS WORKING WITH ME
YOU'D HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET
REAL WOMEN...WOMEN WHO
KNOW WHAT A MAN LIKE YOU NEEDS..

..LIKE, SAY, MECHANO HERE...

UHHH..JEEZUS..WELL, LISTEN,
I DUNNO. I MEAN. UH.



"I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FER MAYBE
A SECOND ANNA HALF...IT WUZ THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! AN' WHY
SHOULDN'T I? EVERYBODY ELSE WUZ
GETTIN' THEIR PIECE O' THE PIE...
I FIGGERED I WUZ WAY OVERDUE
FER MY SLICE..."

OKAY, SMORCH...I'M YER MAN!!
WHAT KINDA PENSION SCHEME
YOU GUYS RUNNIN'??



SMORCH?? DEAR ME, MR. MOSCOW,
I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE REALIZED
THE TRUTH BY NOW!! YOU SEE...

I'M NOT A BRILBURN SMORCH!!

"WHUH??" - I
COUNTERED SUAVELY.



TO BE CONTINUED ©'80 CURT VILE

IN THE SINISTER
HE, EGGSACKLY?"



POWER GOING ON NOW!
YEE HEE
HEE HEE!!

**GASP! A SHORT
CIRCUIT! HOW
TERRIBLE!!
HOO HOO HOO
HOO HOO HOO!**

"IT TOOK A WHILE TO WORK OUT JUST WHOSE MIND WAS IN WHOSE BODY..."

GREEP! GREEEEP!!

HOW FASCINATING! QUENTIN THE ARMADILLO'S MIND SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO MR. SMORCH'S CANCEROUS BOB!! YA HA HA HA HA!

HOW FASCINATING! QUENTIN
THE ARMADILLO'S MIND
SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN
TRANSFERRED TO MR.
SMORCH'S CANCEROUS
BOD!! YA NA NA NA NA!

QUENTIN? BUT I THOUGHT THAT YER ARMADILLO'S MONICKER WUZ AMBROSE! AN' WHUT HAPPENED TO SMORCH'S MIND? WHER'D IT GO??

I CAN ANSWER BOTH QUESTIONS AT ONCE, MR. MOSCOW....

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE
AMBROSE BRILBURN SMORCH!!

..GREEP..

HOLY NED!!

I EJACULATED

HOLY NED!!
I EJACULATED

AND AS FOR ME, I WAS THE REJUVENATED GERMAN VAGRANT. THE POWERFUL ELECTRICAL JOLT HAD RESTORED MY MEMORY, BUT HAD LEFT MY BASIC PERSONALITY TOTALLY UNTOUCHED...

HERE.. LET ME TAKE OFF THIS RUBBER MASK AND SHOW YOU MY TRUE FACE!!

ROSCOE MOSCOW
IN EPISODE 56 OF:
"WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?"
"THE LAST GREAT SWITCHEROO!"

ROCKE MOSCOW
IN EPISODE 56 OF:
WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL
"THE LAST GREAT
SWITCHEROO!"

"NO!! I TRILED.
"IT CAN'T BE!! N-NOT
YOU!!!"

TO BE CONTINUED... © '80 CURT VILE.

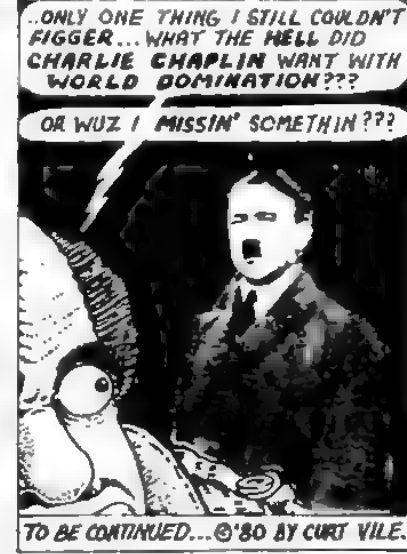
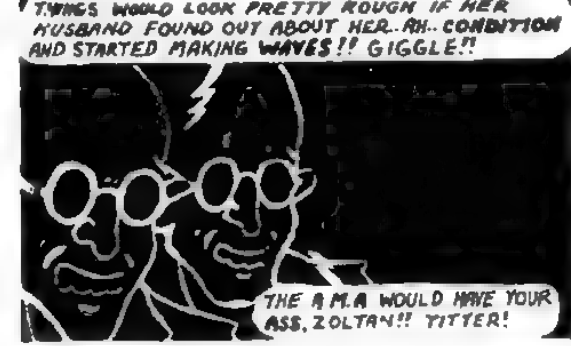
TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 CURT VILE



MAXINE MOSCOW, PREGNANT BY A MALFORMED DWARF PSYCHIATRIST, WANDERS FORLORNLY THROUGH THE GARBAGE-STREWN STREETS OF NEW YORK! LIFE'S CERTAINLY NO BOWL OF CHERRIES FOR THIS DOOMED CUTIE!! NO SIR!!



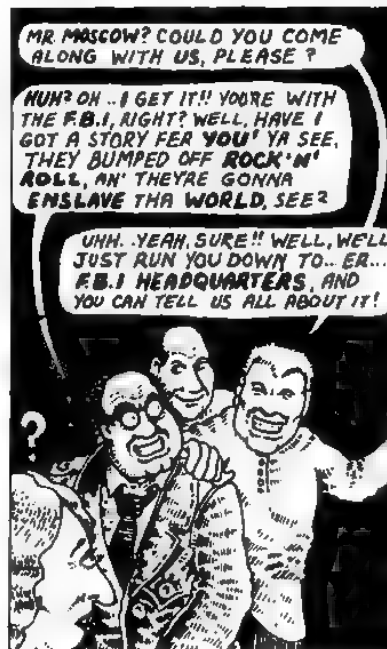
...AND WHAT OF MAXINE'S CREEPY CO-PARENT, THE FREAKISH ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE?? WE FIND HIM ENJOYING A FAMILY REUNION WITH HIS LONG-LOST SCREWBALL SIBLINGS, VICTOR AND ROTHWANG SIVANA...

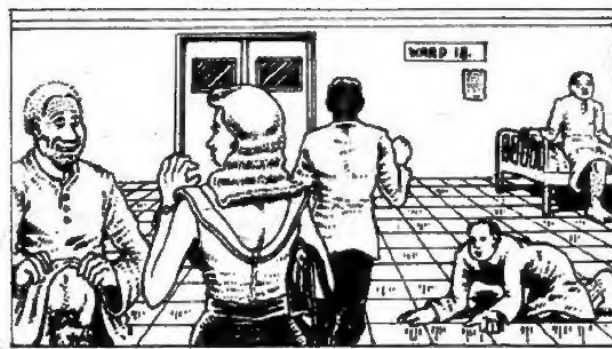


OR WUZ I MISSIN' SOMETHIN???

TO BE CONTINUED... ©'80 BY CURT VILE.

Hear Alan - here's that special Roscoe Moscow heading I told you about, all done in full colour with the beautifully illuminated lettering saying "EPISODE 8: COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME!" hope you like all the thousands of tiny angels and the intricate scroll-like all the thousands of tiny angels and the intricate scroll-work in magenta and gold. It's taken me months to do, and I only hope that it prints O.K. and doesn't just turn out as a blank white space. wouldn't that be awful? -Yours, Curt Vale.





OSCOE MOSCOW. EPISODE 59.
TITLE: "BREAKDOWN."
-Shot of open asylum gate.
-Girl sitting at reception desk. Siga pointing to 'E-Wing' behind desk.
-Large panel, maxine walking through corridor.
-Inset frame. Orderly pointing to...



EPISODE 60: "LIFE'S IMPROPER NUMBER!" ROSCOE MOSCOW.

The very last episode (sob!) of the world's most loved/hated comic strip...



HI, CHUMS! CARTOON MESSIAH AND ACID CASUALTY CURT VILE HERE, WELCOMING YOU TO THE LAST EPISODE OF "ROSCOE MOSCOW."



ACTUALLY, THIS FINAL EPISODE'S NOT THAT FUNNY... I MEAN, NONE OF THEM HAVE BEEN THAT FUNNY, BUT THIS ONE'S REALLY GRIM...



BUT LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO DEPRESS ANYBODY! JESUS, WE'VE ALL GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS AS IT IS, RIGHT? SO I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU A JOKE...



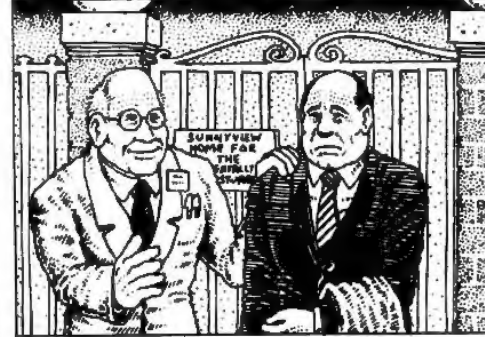
SEE, THERE'S THIS GUY WHO GOES TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST, AN' HE SAYS "DOCTOR, IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER! HE THINKS HE'S A CHICKEN!!"



1. MR. ROBERT "ROSCOE" MOSCOW UNDERGOES ELECTRIC-SHOCK THERAPY TO CURE HIM OF HIS INSANE DELUSIONS.



2. ROBERT MOSCOW HAS FUN FINGER-PAINTING AS PART OF HIS OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY.



3. AFTER A YEAR, ROBERT IS WELL ENOUGH TO RESUME A NORMAL LIFE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



4. MRS. MOSCOW PRESENTS HER HUSBAND WITH THE SON SHE HAS BORNE DURING HIS ILLNESS. A 'RED-LETTER DAY'.



SO THE PSYCHIATRIST SAYS "WELL, THAT'S NO PROBLEM. YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL HIM FIRMLY THAT HE ISN'T A CHICKEN."



SO THEN THE GUY SAYS "BUT DOCTOR... WE NEED THE EGGS!!" HAAA HA HA HA HA HA HA HOO HA HOO HOO HA HEE HEE HEE HA HA!!! GEDDIT?? HA HA HA HA!



SEE? THE GUY THINKS HE'S A CHICKEN, AN' HIS BROTHER SAYS "WE NEED THE EGGS!!" EGGS, SEE?? IT'S A JOKE!!! HA HA HA....



...AHH, FUCKIT...



5. ROBERT MOSCOW IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET HIS OLD JOB BACK DOWN AT THE CANNING FACTORY.



6. ROBERT MOSCOW REFUSES A DRINK AT A WORKS PARTY. MRS. MOSCOW SMILES PROUDLY.



7. MR. AND MRS. MOSCOW ATTEND CHURCH. "WE HAVE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR," CHIRPS MAXINE.



APRIL, 1983: ROBERT RELAXES AT HOME WITH THE WIFE AND KID. THE END.



AGENT OF MISFORTUNE

IS THERE any intelligent life which reads *Sounds*? I should hope so. Then why insult it? I — like most people, no doubt — enjoy a good joke but after reading a recent 'episode' of

Roscoe Moscow's adventures I wanted to crawl into a corner and vomit! The 'jokes' to which I refer were not only cheap, naive, stupid and ignorant, they were also insulting to anyone with a minimum of intelligence because of their cheapness and because of their blatant mocking prejudice. For those who can't recollect or don't know what I'm talking about I'm referring to jokes about bending over backwards and the like about the "homosexual space-monster".

Firstly, it's insulting because of its cheap datedness and total lack of originality (it's not even funny in other words); secondly it's insulting to lesbians as it assumes they don't exist; thirdly, it's insulting to gay men because of its mockery and its weird ideas of what a gay man is; and fourthly it's insulting to every reader since it assumes that people who read *Sounds* are stupid enough not only to find it funny but supposedly — realistic as well!

"Don't take it all so seriously" you may say — I wouldn't, if it weren't so very clear what the general 'line' of *Sounds* is on sexism, feminism, and homosexuality (ie they don't really exist except in the weird imaginations of a small minority). Why don't you take the same attitude to Jews, socialists, the Irish and racial minorities, then you can claim to be truly ignorantly prejudiced!

You could also not print this letter as well to get the set — against freedom of speech too! — Yours disgustedly, Derek Hitchcock.



ROSCHOE MOSCOW: a jerk, pure and simple

CURT REPLIES

WHEN IT comes to critical barbs, I'm a boy who's not easily wounded. Believe me, I've got a skin like a rhino as well as the moral sensitivity of one.

Consequently, on the odd occasions when readers have hurled abuse at Roscoe Moscow in the past, I've contented myself with a shrug of my broad shoulders and been able to rationalise it away with something along the lines of, "Well, it's probably Savage Pencil writing in under an assumed name" or, "Some people have just got fucked-up values, I guess." But after Deak Hitchcock's letter (May 3) I'm afraid my much-recknowledged cool is unmaintainable.

Okay, the guy's obviously upset. His uncle's just died, so soon after receiving a knighthood, and obviously he wants to take it out on *somebody*. But ME? Liberal, fun-loving Curt Vile, friend of the earth, devoted parent and animal lover, some of whose best friends are negroes? Can Derek Hitchcock really wish to brand this near-saint as some Anita Bryantist homosexual-lynching anti-semitic neo-fascist monster? Or what?

At the risk of ruining a halfway decent joke by explaining it, perhaps I should point out that Roscoe Moscow is *not* meant to be a very nice character. He's terrified of women, he's terrified of homosexuals, he has a deep and xenophobic loathing of foreigners, he's a card carrying Republican who campaigned for Nixon, he's an alcoholic, sexually inadequate neurotic who can't hold down a job and dresses up like a private eye as part of a pathetic attempt at self-respect. He's a jerk, purely and simply.

And if I *really* wanted to insult the

intelligence of *Sounds*' readership then I'd take the above paragraph and put it in a little disclaimer box at the bottom of the strip every week, just to make absolutely sure that no impressionable adolescent ran away with the idea that I was outlining my own personal philosophy for love, happiness and improved interpersonal relationships by way of the bigoted junk that fills Roscoe Moscow's word balloons.

Now, in a way, I'm quite genuinely flattered that Derek Hitchcock (or indeed anybody) actually takes the time to read Roscoe Moscow and to consider the moral implications, real or imagined. On the other hand, it's a touch discouraging to be presented with a bunch of arse-backwards conclusions delivered in a more-liberal-than-thou tone of righteous indignation, especially when the only reason I'd ever turned to the letters page was to see if there were any more pictures of people purporting to look like dead celebrities.

Please note that I'm not claiming that Roscoe Moscow is a *good* comic strip, or even a mildly funny one. For my money, Savage Pencil's got the edge any day of the week, and I'll fight anyone who says otherwise. All I'm saying is that Curt Vile likes to think of himself as a friend to *all* the people, irrespective of class, colour, place of worship or whatever the hell they wish to do with their private parts. — Curt Vile.

PS: Are you by any chance in the market for snapshots of a genius Charles Manson clone? I know Charlie's not as fashionable as Sid Vicious these days, but on the other hand, he DID used to take drugs and stab people. Any offers?

ROSCOE MOSCOW

Date	Episode	Title	Page	Date	Episode	Title	Page
31/3/1979	1	The Corpse Wore Leather!!	24	17/11/1979	33	Roscoe Makes Yet Another Faux-Pas; The Fat Slobbering Sh*t-Head	47
7/4/1979	2	The French Correction!!	46	24/11/1979	34	Night Classes!	12
14/4/1979	3	The Big Sheep!!	37	1/12/1979	35	You Need Gloves!	50
21/4/1979	4	The Paranoid Abroad!!	63	8/12/1979	36	Night Fever	44
28/4/1979	5	Enter the Foetal Freudian!	18	15/12/1979	37	The Great Bambi Swindle	38
5/5/1979	6	Lushed for Life!!	63	22/12/1979	NA	Roscoe Moscow Board Game	16
12/5/1979	7	Terror of the Tactless 'Tecl!	48	29/12/1979	NA	NOT FEATURED	
19/5/1979	8	Send in the Clones!!	48	5/1/1980	38	Better Than One	26
26/5/1979	9	...But He Thinks He'd Blow Our Minds!	29	12/1/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
2/6/1979	10	I Was On First Name Terms With A Monster From Outer Space!	36	19/1/1980	39	Bondage!	42
9/6/1979	11	Holiday in Berlin (Full Blown)	45	26/1/1980	40	Mrs Moscow's Diary!	39
16/6/1979	12	The Big Bang Theory	47	2/2/1980	41	One Step Beyond!!	36
23/6/1979	13	Horror in Hamburg!!	47	9/2/1980	42	Freaks	42
30/6/1979	14	Moonlight and Munchkins!!	35	16/2/1980	43	Rat Race!	45
7/7/1979	15	A Pulp Adventure	45	23/2/1980	44	Without A Paddle!	70
14/7/1979	16	O-Deed On Life Itself!	43	1/3/1980	45	Turdsville!	39
21/7/1979	17	Ich Bin Ein Hamburger!	46	8/3/1980	46	Tarzan of the Rats!	46
28/7/1979	NA	NOT FEATURED		15/3/1980	47	Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Go Back In The Water...	42
4/8/1979	18	Fry the Krauts on Passion Bridge!!!	55	22/3/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
11/8/1979	19	Autobahn	32	29/3/1980	48	Meanwhiles!	30
18/8/1979	20	Farewell My Laundry!	37	5/4/1980	49	Untitled	40
25/8/1979	21	A Dork in the Black Forest!!	55	12/4/1980	50	The Short Goodbye	54
1/9/1979	22	This Train is Bound for Glory...	47	19/4/1980	NA	NOT FEATURED	
8/9/1979	23	Watching the Detective!	50	26/4/1980	51	It's My Party...	30
15/9/1979	24	Growing Up Twisted	39	3/5/1980	52	Tupenny Rush!!	41
22/9/1979	25	Teenage Kicks!	12	10/5/1980	53	Working For The Clampdown!!	44
29/9/1979	26	Ham Fisted Tales!	43	17/5/1980	54	State of the Nation!	25
6/10/1979	27	Who's Who in Roscoe Moscow?	47	24/5/1980	55	The Selling of Roscoe Moscow	20
13/10/1979	28	Untitled??	38	31/5/1980	56	The Last Great Switcheroo!!	51
20/10/1979	29	Showroom Dummies	31	7/6/1980	57	Triumph of the Will!	36
27/10/1979	30	Washing the Detective!!	46	14/6/1980	58	Comin' For To Carry Me Home!	20
3/11/1979	31	Our Senior Supermen...	53	21/6/1980	59	Breakdown	30
10/11/1979	32	The End of Civilisation As We Know It!!!	63	28/6/1980	60	Life's Improper Number!	15